

# RUTH VISITS MARGOT

A Little French Girl

Roy A. Keech

Illustrated by  
Helene Carter



ENGLISH  
CHANNEL

Brest

ATLANTIC  
OCEAN

Bay of  
Biscay

Chambourg

La Haute

River Seine

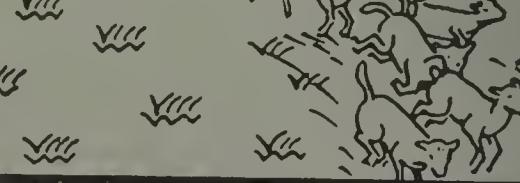


River Loire

Tours  
Chalon

Poitiers

R





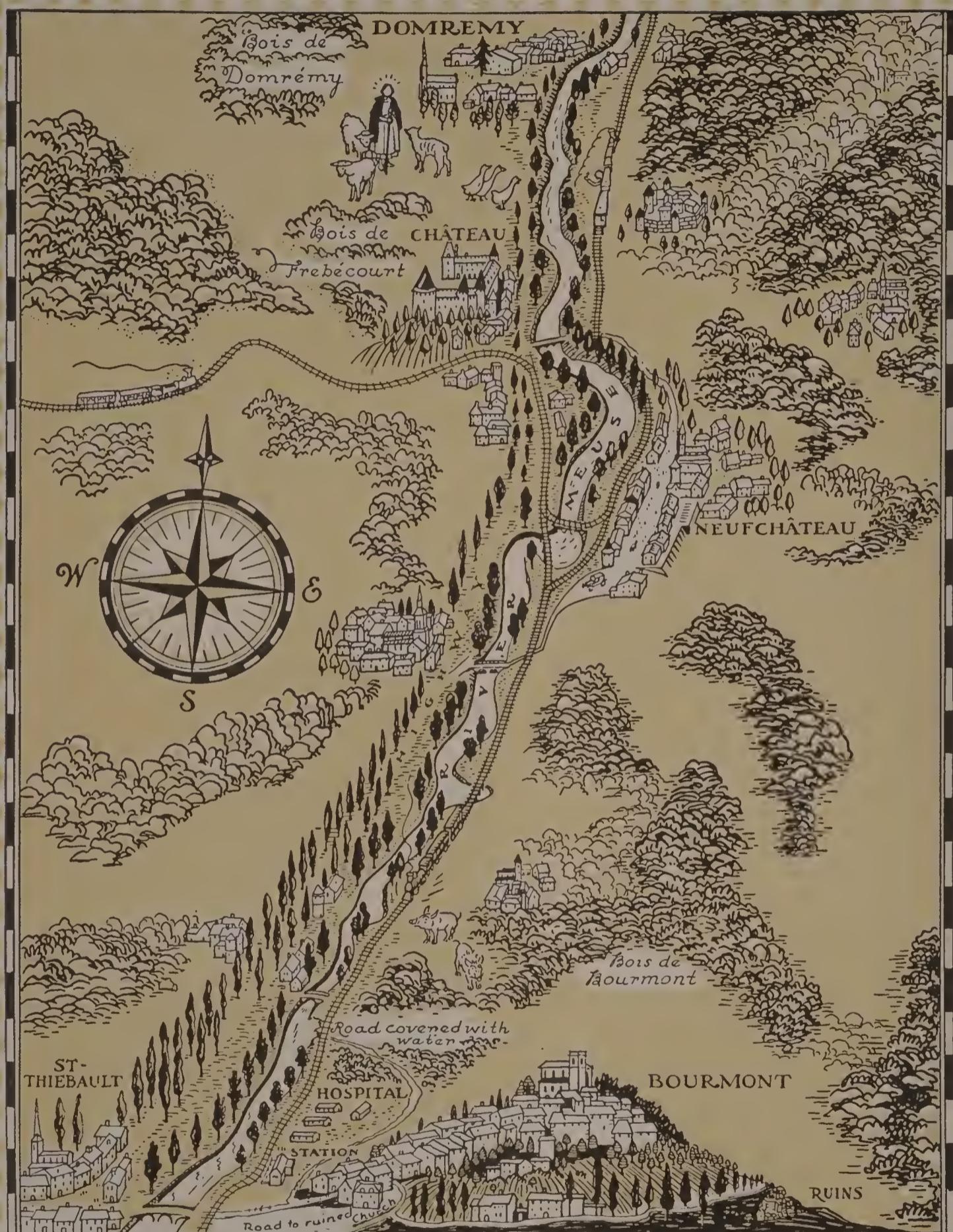


# *Ruth Visits Margot*









*Bourmont to Domrémy*

# *Ruth Visits Margot*

A LITTLE FRENCH GIRL



by

ROY A. KEECH

*Illustrated by Helene Carter*

A JUNIOR PRESS BOOK

ALBERT WHITMAN  
& CO.  
CHICAGO

1934

Copy 2

34-37985

P4  
K241  
R U  
Copy 2

Copyright 1934  
By Albert Whitman & Co.



Printed in the U.S.A.

© CCA

78128

NOV 15 1934

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Chapter 1—Margot Pucelle . . . . .	11
Chapter 2—A Double Surprise . . . . .	20
Chapter 3—Margot and the Prince . . . . .	30
Chapter 4—Margot in Domrémy . . . . .	48
Chapter 5—Margot Hears the Story of the Maid . . . . .	55
Chapter 6—Ruth . . . . .	73
Chapter 7—Ruth and Margot at Mentone	78
Chapter 8—The Strange Legend of Gar- avan . . . . .	98
Chapter 9—On to Monaco and Monte Carlo	108
Chapter 10—Adventures in Nice . . . . .	119
Chapter 11—The Girls See Paris . . . . .	129
Chapter 12—Sight Seeing and Shopping in Paris . . . . .	143
Chapter 13—In Which They Go to Vincennes	158
Chapter 14—Versailles—Where History Has Been Made . . . . .	166
Chapter 15—Ruth and Margot Visit Void . .	173
Chapter 16—More Adventures . . . . .	184
Chapter 17—The Last Days of Ruth's Visit	197



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
Bourmont to Domrémy . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Margot and Private Kenworthy . . . . .	11
Margot's home . . . . .	20
On the way to Neufchâteau . . . . .	30
The chateau stood on top of a hill . . . . .	37
Joan of Arc's home and church in Domrémy . . . .	48
They arrived in Rheims and Charles was crowned . .	55
Joan and the knights were invited to the castle . .	61
Margot, Ruth, and Private Kenworthy . . . . .	73
Old Mentone . . . . .	78
Pont Saint-Louis. The bridge between France and Italy . . . . .	98
The old city of Monaco . . . . .	108
Monte Carlo and palace of the Prince of Monaco . .	111
Nice is on the pretty Bay of Angels . . . . .	119
Arch of Triumph and Tomb of the Unknown Soldier	129
The Île de la Cité in the Seine . . . . .	143
They took the steamer back . . . . .	158
The beautiful gardens of Versailles . . . . .	166
Margot and Ruth in Void . . . . .	173
The castles at Vaucouleurs . . . . .	184
Each barge has a family living aboard . . . . .	189
Farewell to France . . . . .	197



# M A R G O T   P U C E L L E



*Margot and Private Kenworthy*

## *Chapter 1*

**B**ACK IN 1918 Margot Pucelle was a little girl, just nine years old. France was then full of American soldiers, and the Great War was still in progress. These Americans loved the French chil-

dren, who made them think of their own little girls and boys at home. And the French children loved the American *soldats* because they were lonesome for their own brothers and fathers who had been sent to the front. Besides, the Americans usually had chewing-gum and candy in their pockets! Sometimes these friendly men from across the sea romped and played with them. And it was really very funny to hear the way some of them talked French.

Margot's family were of the *bourgeois* class, which in France means the shop-keepers and small manufacturers. While her father was alive the family had spent two years in England, and Margot had gone to school in London; so she spoke English quite well. Now she lived alone with her mother in the pretty hill-village of Bourmont, in the northeastern part of France.

Margot was a bright, friendly little girl, with dark brown curls and big gray eyes. Among all the American soldiers whom she had come to know in the military camp at the bottom of the big hill, her favorite was Private John Kenworthy. He loved her, too, because he had a little girl of his own about Margot's age.

On pleasant sunny afternoons, when Private Kenworthy was off duty, the two friends often went for long walks together. They picked flowers or explored the old ruins that lay on one side of the hill. Years and years before, Bourmont had had a great big stone wall around it to protect its people from their enemies. Parts of this wall still remained, though by now the village people had forgotten their history, and just called them "the ruins."

Sometimes Margot and her friend climbed to the roof of the big church tower. From this height the little village seemed to be piled up, tier upon tier of old stone houses with red tile roofs, with the big church perched on top of it all, like a crown. They could look down on grain fields, hop fields, and meadows; freshly plowed pieces of ground spread out before them for a great distance east, south, and west, with a big stretch of green forest to the north. The sight always reminded Margot of her grandmother's patchwork quilt. A little to the west the River Meuse flowed north toward Belgium. Roads strung out like long white ribbons, and several other villages could be seen in the distance.



On chilly evenings Margot, her mother, and Private Kenworthy sat in front of the great big fireplace with its tiny fire, while they talked and told stories. Madame Pucelle always made drip coffee and served dainty little cakes, for she soon learned that the soldier loved these sweetmeats.

Then, one day, Madame Pucelle asked Private Kenworthy if he would take Margot to another village to get some special colored thread and other things that she needed. This village was about five kilometers distant; that is, about three miles. He was delighted with the idea of the long walk, and the prospect of the jaunt pleased Margot, too.

So the following Sunday the two started early in the afternoon. Three miles each way might be a long walk for a little American girl, but French children are used to much walking. They really enjoy the fun of it. Margot's mother waved them a farewell as they started down the steep hill, following the main road that led out of the village. A little farther on they turned to the right and went along a dirt road past the American soldiers' camp and between small farms.

In France every farm has, somewhere on it, a

tiny stone house just large enough for a big dog to turn around in, where the farmer can eat his lunch on bad days and where he can take shelter in case of a sudden storm. Farmers in that part of France do not live on their farms, but stay in the villages, which are sometimes several miles from their fields. They go to their farms early each morning and return about sunset.

Beyond the farms, Margot and Private Kenworthy entered a great, thick wood. Margot walked very close to her friend now, for she had heard of the wild animals that lived among the big trees. The worst of these were the wild boars.

After passing through the forest they came to a place where the River Meuse was overflowing its banks and flooding the road for a long way. Margot saw the water in front of them and gave a cry of dismay.

“Now, what can we do?” she asked ruefully. “Isn’t that horrid! We shall have to go back home without getting the things Mother wanted.”

“Not so fast!” was the smiling reply. “We mustn’t give up yet. That water can’t be deep.”

“But it is too deep for me to wade, and I am afraid of it!” She shivered as she spoke.



“It’s not too deep for me, though,” Private Kenworthy laughed. “You wouldn’t be afraid if I carried you, would you?”

“Oh, you couldn’t do that!” exclaimed Margot. “I’m very heavy, you know.”

“Don’t worry about that. Here—you hold the basket, and put your other arm around my neck. I’ll show you how we’ll get across!”

Margot obeyed, and was lifted in his strong arms. *Splash, splash, splash*, he went through the water. At first Margot was uneasy, but in a moment she began to smile and enjoy her ride. And before they reached the other side she was laughing and enjoying herself thoroughly. When her friend put her down on her feet again, Margot was rumpled but quite dry. He was wet to the knees.

“That was just like being rescued by a fairy prince,” Margot smiled up at him.

“More like a barnyard duck,” he grinned. “Who ever heard of a prince being in a muddy uniform that doesn’t even fit?” At this Margot laughed, too.

As they walked along, the water in the soldier’s shoes went *slosh, slosh*, until it all drained out.



The village to which they were going was not far now, and soon they were walking down the one cobblestone street. Two or three dogs ran out and barked at them, but Margot was not afraid of them, for she was holding the hand of her big friend.

As soon as they had finished their marketing they started home. Private Kenworthy carried the basket. When they came to the flooded place in the road the water was much deeper than before. So Private Kenworthy put the basket down, picked Margot up, and waded in. She shivered and squealed, but the water rippled harmlessly against his knees, and he soon put her down safe and dry on the other side. Then he went back for the basket.

Suddenly to their ears came a soft purring, which slowly grew to a roar.

“Is that a German plane?” queried Margot.

“Yes,” answered her friend, “that’s a ‘Jerry,’ all right!” “Jerry” was the name that American soldiers gave to German airplanes. “I can tell by the sound of the motor. Come on, quickly! We’d better get out of sight. Here, give me your hand.”

They ran to one of the little stone huts in the

corner of a field, pulled open the door, and popped in.

“He is going right toward Bourmont!” Margot cried in alarm.

“And toward the camp, too,” answered Private Kenworthy, peeping out, “but he hasn’t got there yet, little sister. Look!” He opened the small door wider. As he pointed she saw what he meant. High in the sky, from the west, came two more planes swooping towards the “Jerry.” Nearer and nearer they came.

“Are they *Germans*, too?” she asked, with growing excitement.

“No, I think they’re French. Listen!”

And above the sound of the three airplane motors they heard the quick *rat-tat-tat-tat* of the machine guns on the French planes. With a sudden swoop the “Jerry” turned and headed for the north, the two French planes in swift pursuit, firing steadily as they chased. Presently all three were out of sight over the northern horizon.

“Well, that’s that!” chuckled her companion. “Your home is safe now, Margot.”

They started on again, and soon they came to the long, steep Bourmont hill. Up they went, *puff*,

puff, puff, all the way to Margot's house. And when Madame Pucelle heard of their adventure, she was very glad to see her little girl safe home again.

In answer to her invitation to him to come in and rest, Private Kenworthy replied that he wasn't a bit tired but that he would come in and sit down, anyhow, for a little while, so that he could finish telling Margot something that she had asked about on their trip. She had wanted to know what work he did in the American Army, and also what he had done in America before the War.

Now he told them that before he entered the service he had been a milk tester, and that he had grown so interested in chemistry, especially laboratory work, that when he enlisted he had asked to be given something of the same kind to do in France. A year or so ago, therefore, when he came over, he had been given special training for work in hospital laboratories, and he had been doing this in various army hospitals most of the time since. Of course, Margot could not understand exactly what it was that he did, but her mother was very much interested.

## A DOUBLE SURPRISE



*Margot's home*

### *Chapter 2*

**E**ARLY one November morning—it happened to be November eleventh—Margot was pleased to see Private Kenworthy coming toward her house. She ran to open the door.



“Well, well, well. No school today?” he asked, smiling down at her.

‘No, not today; my governess had to go to Neufchâteau, so I’m not doing any lessons this morning. I’m so thrilled! This seems to be my lucky day—I feel as though something wonderful were going to happen.’

“That sounds good to me,” he replied with a grin. “Well, to start things right, what do you say to asking your mother if you can go for a long walk with me? I asked the Captain, and he let me have the day off.”

“Oh, goody!” Margot jumped up and down with joy. “Sit down, please, while I ask Mother. I am pretty sure that she will let me go.”

A moment later she returned. “Mother says that if we wait a few minutes she will pack a lunch for us.”

The soldier smiled again. “Surely, we can wait for *that*. Where would you like to go, Margot?”

“Let us go to the old church ruins. It is only a few miles.”

“Good! I’ve never seen them.”

It was not long before Madame Pucelle came in from the kitchen with a basket. The sight of the

clean white cloth spread over the top made Margot and her friend hungry already.

A few minutes later they started down the road that circles gently around the hill, but they branched off before arriving at the bottom. Now they followed a dirt road—just a wagon track—that led south, across the low, rolling hills. The old church, as Margot had called it, was several miles away.

“The Captain often walks out in this direction,” Private Kenworthy told Margot, “but I have never been here before.”

“The church is very, very old—older than any of the people can remember.”

“But why is it away off here by itself?” he wanted to know.

“Who can tell?” She shrugged her shoulders and spread her arms, as the French so often do.

“I hear an airplane,” he said a little later, looking all around, “but I can’t see it.” The sound grew louder.

Margot heard it, too, and shaded her eyes with her hands to look, peering in every direction. “It sounds very loud,” she admitted, “but where is it?” Louder and louder and louder grew the sound,

until it became a roar. Margot became more and more puzzled. "Where is it?"

Private Kenworthy was so busy looking for the airplane that he did not see where he was stepping. He wandered from the path, then his toe tripped on a rock, and down on the ground he fell. "Ugh!" he grunted, as the breath was knocked out of him by the fall. Playfully rolling over on his back, he lay there a moment, grinning at Margot.

"There's your airplane!" he pointed. "Look, right straight over your head. See it?"

"I cannot see it," she replied, looking harder than ever. "Oh yes, I can—now. It looks as small as a mosquito. It must be up very high. But it is not moving."

"It's moving fast enough, but it looks as though it weren't, because it is traveling so high," he explained.

"Is it *Boche*?" the girl asked, turning to him.

"No; it may be American, British, French, or even Italian—but I'm sure it isn't a German."

Margot sighed. "I wish the War were over!"

"So does everybody else, my dear," her friend rejoined gravely. "But when it does end and I go

home again, I shall surely miss you, little sister."

"How I wish that I could see America!" Margot sighed wistfully. "Do you suppose that I ever shall? Maybe Mother would take me, some time."

"Yes, that would be wonderful—perhaps it will happen. But look—the plane is out of sight already." He got to his feet again.

They strolled on, watching for other airplanes. Many went over Bourmont every day, and if the pilots flew low enough, the soldiers and the French people could tell what country each one belonged to by the way it was painted. Most of these planes were American and French.

Half an hour later Margot and her companion left the road and climbed another little hill. Here they found the old church, but it was only a mass of ruins—nothing more. The thick stone walls stood twenty feet high in places, and in others only ten feet or less. The windows had all been broken out long ago. The big, flat stone slabs that made up the floor were thickly covered with dust. The whole place had a look of great age and an air of solemn stillness.

Private Kenworthy removed his overseas cap as they passed through the gaping hole that had

once been the doorway. In spite of the dust on the floor, their footsteps sounded harsh and loud. The roof of this old building had long since fallen in, and most of it had been removed by the people and used in the making of newer houses. The sunlight streamed in, but the south and west walls cast deep black shadows on the floor.

Margot and her companion tiptoed about the ruins for a while, and then were glad to go back to the more pleasant outdoors. Here, close to the west wall, they found a spot shielded from the November wind by the towering wall and some wild bushes. The bright sun had warmed the ground, and on a small level spot Margot decided to spread the tablecloth.

What a good lunch Madame Pucelle had packed for them! Cold chicken sandwiches, jelly sandwiches, hard boiled eggs, tarts, some of the little cakes that she knew Private Kenworthy liked so well, and a bottle of sweet grape juice. And there were white napkins, plates, cups, knives, forks, and spoons for two.

“Your mother certainly knows what’s good!” the soldier exclaimed, as Margot spread the food within reach of them both.



“Yes,” she replied, too busy eating to say anything more.

“You know, Margot,” he finally spoke up, breaking the silence, “I wish my little daughter were over here with us. What good times we three would have together!”

“I should love that! She could live with Mother and me.”

“You’re right, Margot, she *could* live with you. I think your mother would take her in.”

“Of course, she would. Is she pretty, M’sieur Kenworthy?”

“You bet she is; just as pretty and sweet and good as you are. What a great pair you two would make! Oh, I wish—but who knows? We’ll see.”

Private Kenworthy had before often spoken to Margot about Ruth, the little daughter whom he had left at home when he came overseas. Today Margot wanted to hear more about her.

“Well,” the man spoke thoughtfully, “of course, I think she’s just the greatest girl in the whole world. She’s about your size and age, with light golden hair in short curls. And she has a dimple in each cheek when she smiles. She’s a happy little girl, and loves her father very much. I think

that's about all that I can tell you about her, Margot, and I hope you'll see her sometime."

"I know I shall love her!"

"And she'll love you. I have written her all about you, and what good times we'll have together. But let's gather up these dishes. It's about time to start back, don't you think?"

Margot and her friend walked back slowly, talking of Ruth, and planning another trip together. On nearing Bourmont, they thought they heard a noise like loud shouting and the shooting of many guns.

The girl looked at her friend very soberly. "Do you think the Germans have come?"

"No danger of that now," he assured her. "The Allies have been driving them back to their own border lately. No; it's something else. Let's hurry and see."

He took hold of her hand, and they walked faster. When they reached the edge of the village, it was easy to tell by the sound of the people's voices that they were shouting for happiness. Above the voices continual gun shots sounded. Dogs barked, as though to add to the noise. An old man spied them coming. He ran to meet them.



“*Vive l’ Amérique!*” he shouted, pounding Private Kenworthy on the back and grasping his hand. “*Finie la guerre! Finie la guerre!*” And he went on to tell them that the Germans had asked for an armistice—an agreement to stop the fighting.

“The War is over! The War is over!” Margot danced up and down. “Oh, M’sieur Kenworthy, the War is over. I *knew* something good was going to happen today!”

By now they had reached Margot’s home. On the steps stood Madame Pucelle waiting for them, a happy smile on her face.

“Well,” she greeted them, “I see that you have heard the great news. How happy all of us should feel today! Do come in, Monsieur Kenworthy, and have a cup of coffee with us, to celebrate the end of the War.”

As the soldier sat with his friends, drinking his coffee, he began to talk about Ruth. “Now I can think about having her come over to France, though I don’t know exactly how it can be managed. I shall have to cable to my sister and find out whether she could bring Ruth.”

“Oh, will you?” Margot asked excitedly. “She

could come and live with us, couldn't she, Mother? I should so love to have her here. We could have such good times together!"

"Of course she could stay here—and her aunt, too, if both of them come. But," she went on, with a twinkle in her eye, "you will not be M'sieur Kenworthy's little girl any longer, after that, you know!"

Margot turned and looked anxiously at her friend, and then was relieved to see that he was grinning, as he always did when there was some joke between them.

"Cheer up, Margot," he assured her. "Your mother doesn't really mean that. She knows there will always be room in my heart for you!" He put his arm around her and drew her close.

"Well," he said, getting to his feet, "we'll none of us ever forget this day, will we? Armistice Day—November eleventh, 1918. It's a wonderful thing to realize that this long war is over at last. Now I must go and see about cabling to my sister. If she cannot get away herself, it may be possible to send Ruth over alone. I shouldn't wonder if that could be done safely now. And I do want to see my little girl, and show her this country of yours!"

## MARGOT AND THE PRINCE



*On the way to Neufchâteau*

### *Chapter 3*

NOT LONG after their visit to the ruined church and the joyful surprise of the Armistice, Margot awoke one Sunday morning and rolled quickly out of her high bed. After bathing, she

put on her best dress to attend the early morning church service and be all ready when Private Kenworthy called for her.

She wore a white linen dress that was much shorter than most American girls nine years of age wear, white socks that reached only to her ankles, and a heavy white wool coat that reached to her knees. Her shoes were thick and heavy, because of the mud that she would probably find. When Private Kenworthy saw her that morning, he thought she looked prettier than ever before.

This was the day that she was to go with him to Domrémy, another French village. Hundreds of years ago Domrémy was the home of Joan of Arc, one of the most famous girls in all history.

At the *gare*, or railway station, he bought second-class tickets; as he said, third-class seats were not good enough for Margot, and first-class tickets were not good for his pocket-book!

The first- and second-class compartments had cushioned seats, were kept cleaner, and usually were not so crowded as the third class. The French railway cars, on most lines, were much smaller than American coaches and were divided into compartments, or small rooms.

In each compartment the seats faced each other and extended across the car, so that the people sat facing each other, forward or backward. There was no aisle through the center, but on the outside a step ran the full length of each side of the car, and the compartment doors opened on to these two long platform-like steps. The guard (or conductor) walked along this narrow platform, from which he could unlock the doors, step into the compartments, and collect the tickets.

In the same compartment with Margot and Private Kenworthy were two French army officers, a Belgian officer, two prosperous-looking business men, and a woman, so that the eight seats or "places" in the compartment were all taken.

The officers were eating a late breakfast. Each had open on the seat beside him a small, square traveling-bag of canvas, with a shoulder-strap by which he could carry it with him. With large pocket-knives they carved thick slices from their loaves of dark "war bread," for wheat to make white bread was scarce during the Great War. They spread these slices with soft white French cheese, called *fromage*. They made many motions with their hands as they talked, and their talk was,

of course, carried on in French, and naturally was for the most part about the War. *Guerre, soldats, Américain, Belge, and Boche* were among the words that Private Kenworthy caught.

The business men read newspapers and sometimes added a few words to the general talk. Margot's friend, being a private, was left out of the conversation, which was as well, for he would have needed an interpreter. The woman was reading a book. Margot and her friend were left free to spend most of their time looking out of the window at the beautiful fields and the gray stone villages.

On reaching Neufchâteau, they walked out of town to the north and followed the main road. Domrémy was still about five miles away and, to save time, they hoped to get a ride.

Soon after the town was left behind they met several women and old men. Each carried a large bundle of long sticks. In France hardly a bit of the tree cut down is wasted. For the French long ago learned to save their forests, and whenever a tree is cut down one must be planted in its place.

Instead of piling the brush and burning it, as we do, they cut it into sticks about three feet long



and tie it in bundles, as our farmers tie their corn-stalks. These bundles are dried until the sticks are ready to burn. This is the fuel that the peasants use in their big fireplaces. But their fires do not compare in size with their hearths, which were built in days when wood was not so scarce as it is now.

Margot and her escort had walked about a kilometer, when they were overtaken by a *camion*, or French army motor truck. Private Kenworthy hailed it and Margot spoke to the driver.

“*Oui, oui, mademoiselle; oui, m’sieur. Très bein!*” was the reply; all of which meant that the driver was saying “yes” as politely as he knew how to their request that they be allowed to ride on the *camion*.

Margot sat between the driver and his orderly, or helper. Her friend stood on the running-board. It was a wild ride, for the French are not slow drivers, even when they run heavy army trucks.

About halfway between Neufchâteau and Domrémy the truck stopped. Engine trouble, as the driver explained.

“Please ask them if I can do anything to help, Margot,” said Private Kenworthy.

Margot spoke a few words to the men, and they replied pleasantly.

“They say, ‘No, thank you,’ and we are very welcome to the ride.”

So the friends started afoot again in the direction of their goal.

“Oh, look!” pointed Margot after they had walked a short distance.

“Isn’t that a wonderful château!” he exclaimed. “A regular old castle, such as one reads about in stories when the beautiful princess is rescued by a fairy prince. It’s the largest and most beautiful one I have ever seen. I should like to get a closer view, wouldn’t you, Margot?”

“Let’s go there, M’sieur Kenworthy,” she pleaded.

He looked at his watch. “Well, we can’t spend our time much better than in getting a closer view of that wonderful old castle.”

The château or castle was about a kilometer from the main road. Margot and her friend trudged across the fields, and came to a clean little village at the bottom of the hill. Next they reached a great big park which must have contained a hundred or more acres and quite surrounded the

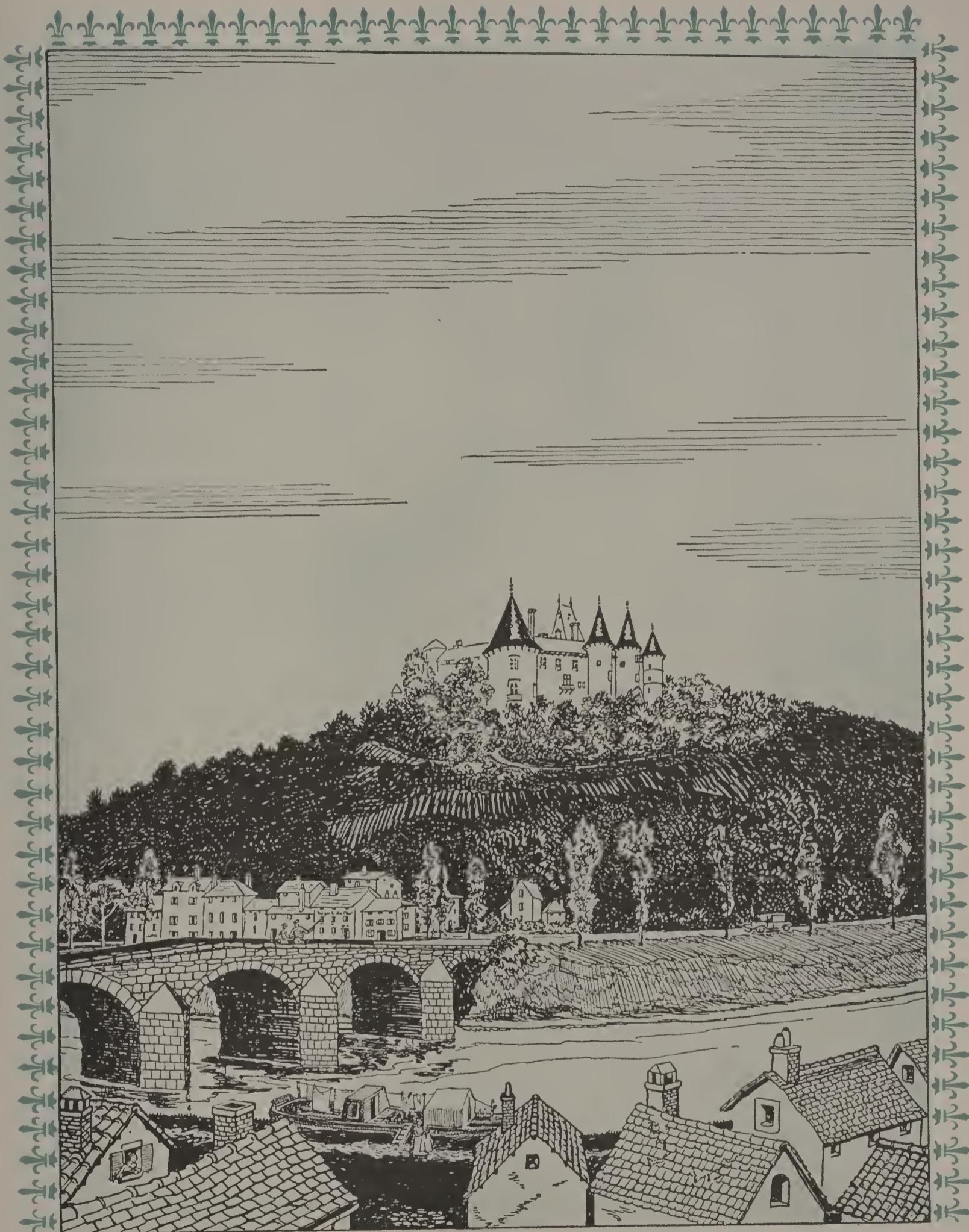
castle. Private roads, wide and well made, wound through well-kept greensward with giant elms and gnarled old oaks rising on both sides. It was a truly majestic setting for the old, gray, ivy-grown building.

“If I only had a camera,” he murmured, pointing, “what a beautiful picture that would make!”

The château stood on top of a hill. Its design and evident age showed clearly that it had been built hundreds of years ago in the time that is called the Middle Ages. It had many towers and turrets, and was massive, with great oaken doors which, when opened, would allow a company of soldiers to march in, eight abreast; or even a big load of hay could have been driven in without brushing the driver from the top.

“What are all of those little and big holes in the towers for, M’sieur Kenworthy?” asked Margot. “They are not windows, for there are more on the roof.”

“Those are called embrasures, and the soldiers used to shoot through them,” he explained. “This castle must have been built after cannon were invented, because those large holes are cannon embrasures, or loop-holes.”



*The chateau stood on top of a hill*



“When were cannon first used?”

“Well,” he replied, “I’m not sure, but I think the first record we have of their use in Europe was at the Battle of Crécy, in 1346. That was during the Hundred Years’ War between France and England —the war in which Joan of Arc took such a noble part.”

“And were those little holes used to shoot rifles through?”

“No,” he corrected, “those small embrasures were for the archers to shoot their arrows through. You see, cannon were used many years earlier than rifles or muskets.”

They walked up to one of the great doors and he grasped the big wrought-iron knocker.

“Shall I, Margot?”

“Oooh, I dare you!”

“Why not?” he replied, smiling. “We are trespassing, anyway, and it is only fair to let them know it.”

*Rap, rap, rap*, went the heavy hammer. No response. *Rap, rap, rap*. Still no answer.

“Doesn’t seem to be any one at home,” he suggested.

“Let’s try another door,” ventured Margot. “I

certainly hope they will not be angry at us."

They tried several doors on the east side, but no one answered their knocking. Then they came to a more modern addition on the north end of the castle. This part alone was larger than many an American house. The doors in it were much smaller than those in the main part of the building. Private Kenworthy rapped on several, but with the same results as before.

They then walked around to the west side of the main building, where they found a small garden with lovely roses and other flowers still in bloom. Along the southern wing, they saw a French soldier on guard, slowly walking his post with shouldered rifle, his sky-blue uniform picturesque against the dull gray background of the huge walls. Margot politely asked him if she and her American friend could enter the château to look about.

"*Oui, oui, ici,*" he replied; which sounded like "we, we, eesee," and meant "Yes, yes, here."

They thanked him and stepped through the doorway into a vast kitchen where French army cooks were preparing a meal for the soldiers who were stationed there.



“This is no place for two people as hungry as we,” exclaimed Private Kenworthy. “Let’s get out of here!” And he smiled at little Margot.

“It does make me hungrier,” she admitted, “and it isn’t a bit interesting, anyway.”

“*Le prince, le prince,*” commented the guard with a gesture as they came out of the huge kitchen.

Nearby they saw a tall, straight, fine-looking man with iron-gray hair and a Van Dyck beard. He carried a walking stick and wore a light business suit. A beautiful brown collie romped about him as he walked. The man had turned at the soldier’s words, and now approached slowly with the dog at his heels. As he came up to them he removed his hat. Private Kenworthy, not knowing that the man was a French army officer, bowed, but did not salute.

Margot hurriedly began to explain their presence.

The stranger stopped her. “Possibly your American friend does not understand French so well as we,” he said in perfect English, smiling kindly.

“Thank you, sir,” said the American, “I am glad that you speak English—and Margot understands it, too. We saw your château from the main road

and came to get a closer view. I hope that we're not intruding."

"Not at all, M'sieur," replied the owner. "My grandmother was an American and I am very proud of it. Americans are always welcome here." Then he turned to Margot. "Well, my little friend, how do you like my home?"

"Oh, but it is beautiful, M'sieur!" answered Margot enthusiastically.

"Would you care to come in and look around?" he asked, looking from one to the other.

"Oh, thank you, M'sieur le Prince!" exclaimed Margot.

"That would be wonderful, sir," said Private Kenworthy. "But won't it be too much trouble?"

"Not at all," the prince insisted. "It will be a pleasure, I assure you."

He led them toward the north wing. "The main part of the château dates from the fifteenth century," he said, "but this newer part was built about three hundred years later."

He produced a key, opened the door, and stepped back for them to walk before him.

Margot and her friend saw beautiful polished floors partly covered with handsome rugs. They

hesitated and would have withdrawn, for their shoes were muddy, and his were of the heavy, hob-nailed kind that private soldiers wore in France.

“Do go in,” urged the prince, motioning them to enter. “Do not worry about the floors. They will be repolished when I can get men to do it for me.”

He followed them into a large room. Before a great marble fireplace was a divan, on which lay an officer’s sky-blue military overcoat and cavalry saber. “I must apologize for the condition of my quarters,” the prince explained. “Most of the servants are in the service.”

They walked slowly from room to room. A tiger-skin rug lay before a hearth; other costly rugs were spread about; a magnificent statue of Joan of Arc stood in a corner; and beautiful paintings adorned the walls.

The prince went over to a window on the west side. “From here, on a clear day,” he explained, drawing back the curtain, “one can see twenty-two villages. Unfortunately, it is hazy today, so you can see only eight or ten. If you will come with me now, I think that I can show you something of more interest.”

He led the way outside and through the garden

to a large door in the main part of the building. They stepped into the private chapel. The floor and walls were stone, and the ceiling was blackened by the candles and incense of centuries. Around the walls were niches holding the images of saints. On long staffs, slanting out from the walls, hung tattered silk pennons and banners. The pews were of heavy oak. On the altar were candlesticks and a crucifix. Before the altar, in the chancel floor, there were two large, loose flagstones, each with an iron ring set in it.

“Many of my ancestors rest in the vault beneath those stones,” the prince explained.

The two visitors gazed about them in wonder. “How beautiful!” exclaimed Margot.

“Wonderful indeed,” rejoined the American, who was looking at the old battle flags and some pieces of ancient armor. “It takes one back to the days of chivalry, when knights and barons lived here.”

“Yes,” answered the owner, “these are all relics of my family. This chapel is sacred to me, because our family has worshiped here for hundreds of years.”

At last the prince walked with them to the gar-

den gate, shook hands twice with each of his visitors, and invited them to call again. He raised his hat to little Margot.

“Isn’t he nice!” she exclaimed after they were out of hearing.

“He certainly is,” agreed her friend.

“The soldier called him a prince. *Are there any princes nowadays?*”

“Oh, yes—a few. I can see why you ask, Margot. You are remembering that France has been a republic for a long time now, and that there is no royal family any more. No kings or queens—only a President. But even in the old times the men who held the rank of prince in France didn’t have to be members of the king’s family; they were great nobles in their own right. And there are a good many left—I don’t know how many—living on their old family estates, like the man who has just been so kind to us.”

“I see,” Margot replied. “But look. What is this little cottage that we are coming to?”

“The gate-keeper’s lodge, I imagine. There is one on nearly every big estate. I wonder whether the gate-keeper’s wife could give us something to eat. Suppose you run in and ask her.”



Margot followed her friend's suggestion and they were soon seated before the hearth. The old housewife talked to Margot as she prepared the meal, asking questions and telling her about *le prince*. To her he was evidently the greatest man that ever lived. Their conversation was in French and Private Kenworthy could catch only a little of it, but Margot translated the most interesting parts for him.

"She says that the prince really *is* descended from one of the French kings long ago. He is a colonel in the cavalry."

"Humm, I wonder what the men at camp will say when I tell them I have been hobnobbing with nobility and a colonel,—and that I didn't salute! Oh, well, they probably won't believe me anyway."

"And," added Margot, "she says that he treats all Americans alike, whether they are officers, soldiers, or nurses, and is very kind to all the poor people in his village. They all love him."

After they had finished their meal, which was a very good one of tender chicken, potatoes fried in a way that the soldier had never seen before, eggs, dark bread, and soft white cheese. There was drip coffee for him (with hot milk added instead of

cream), and milk for Margot. After he had paid the woman, they said good-bye and started across the fields to the main road. Following this road for some distance between rows of tall poplar trees, they were soon overtaken by a British army truck, or lorry. It stopped without being hailed, and the driver asked them where they were going.

“To Domrémy.”

“Hop aboard then, Sammy,” said the English soldier. “Sammy” was the name by which the British soldiers called their American brothers-in-arms, just as British soldiers are often called “Tommies.” And so they were off toward their Domrémy adventure.

## MARGOT IN DOMREMY



*Joan of Arc's home and church in Domrémy*

### *Chapter 4*

**R**UMBLING along at high speed, Margot and Private Kenworthy soon reached the village of Domrémy. They climbed down from the truck and thanked the “Tommy” for the ride.



This old village, which lies in the Department of Vosges in eastern France, has long been dear to everybody who studies French history. To the French themselves it is a sacred spot, because here Joan of Arc was born, more than five hundred years ago, and here she spent her girlhood until she went forth from Domrémy to offer herself as the savior of her people. All French children, of course, learn about Joan from their earliest school-days, but not many of them have the chance that the American soldier's little friend had to go to Domrémy and visit the places connected with their national heroine.

Already Margot had begged Private Kenworthy to tell her the story in his own words, and he had promised to do so later. "After we see Domrémy," he had said. "You and I will look at everything that is to be seen there, and then, when we are tired, we can sit down and I will tell you the story as I learned it in America, and how it happened that Joan went out and led the armies of the French in the war with England."

So here they were, now. Private Kenworthy knew that what they wanted to see was Joan's birthplace, the old church where she worshiped,

and the new church or Basilica that has been erected in our own time. So he led Margot first to the old church—a small stone building with a red tile roof. Here they were shown the font at which, it is believed, the Maid was baptized as a baby. Near the church, and set back from the road, is the house of Joan's family, the Darcs; for it was only in after-years that people took to spelling her name "d'Arc."

At once the visitors' attention was attracted by the fine statue on its pedestal in the courtyard. It represents Joan as she is leaving her home, led by the Genius of France, who puts a sword into her hand. The house itself is a simple, rude building such as the peasants lived in during Joan's day. A century ago it was bought by the French Government, to be preserved as a national monument. Over the door — above which the roof slopes sharply from the left to the right side—is an arch bearing the royal arms of France, and also the coat-of-arms that the humble Darc family were allowed to use after the Maid's death.

When the two went inside, Private Kenworthy explained to Margot that it was not at all certain that the house had really looked this way during

Joan's lifetime, or that the things that are now shown there are really what the guardians think them to be—the same furnishings that were used by her family when she lived there. But it was not hard for the two friends to imagine that those smoke-blackened beams overhead were quite old enough to have looked down on the little Joan's cradle, or that these rooms were those in which she had grown to girlhood. They were told that the bed had been Joan's, and were shown the room in which she was born—both being according to tradition only.

"Where are we going now?" Margot asked as they came out into the sunshine again.

"Next we must see the Basilica," her companion replied.

"What is a basilica, please?"

"A big church, something like a cathedral. Your French word for it is *basilique*."

"Please, can't we walk about the village a little before going there?" she begged.

"Well, all right; but we haven't much time to spare, you know."

It was not a remarkably attractive village. The streets were paved with cobblestones and were

none too clean. The houses were a rather dirty white with red tile roofs. Most of them were small and square with no porches. In most cases the stable was connected with the house, at either the side or the rear, with a door leading from it into the kitchen. Living thus, the people could see and hear the cows and horses munching their hay in the next room. To Margot, who had not seen many peasants' homes, it seemed that these people and their animals must be on very friendly terms.

Not far away they saw clumps of trees and bushes, marking the banks of the River Meuse. Along the edge of the water a number of men and boys, most of them wearing long, blue peasants' smocks, sat fishing.

"But what are they fishing for?" asked Margot.

"Just for fun," he replied; "you have seen lots of people near your home fishing, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Did you ever see anybody catch a fish?" he asked, grinning.

"Well—no," she answered slowly.

"Neither have I. I doubt if there are any fish left in this river. But those boys and men enjoy fishing there just the same!"

About three-quarters of a mile away, on a hill, they could see the slender golden spire of the Basilica — a majestic monument to the Maid erected in our own day. It was toward this church that they were now walking. Presently they passed a roadside crucifix or “Calvary”—a large cross with the Saviour’s body hanging on it, before which the devout often stopped to pray. For this road is a pilgrim route; over it every year travel thousands of Catholics and others to do honor to the Maid.

The Basilica is built on the spot at which, according to tradition, Joan of Arc received her commands from Heaven to go to the help of her country. In her time this hill was covered with a deep, dark forest, Le Bois Chenu, and here the young girl went to gather wild strawberries and to hunt for the fairies that she believed were in the forest. Most of the trees are gone now, and in the place of the once dense forest stands the Basilica, a rich and elaborate building.

As the two friends drew nearer Margot cried out in wonder at the beautiful front walls—made of marble and blue granite—and rising high above them the graceful bell-tower with its delicate

spire. "Oh," she cried, "it must be lovely inside! Hurry. Let's go in."

Margot was right—there was much to see there that was beautiful; all around them were pictures, mosaics, statues, and rich decorations. Overhead the ceiling was painted a heavenly blue; and around the walls were a series of famous paintings representing scenes in the life of Joan of Arc by Boutet de Monvel. The little French girl went from one to the other of these with great interest, scarcely willing to spare a moment even to glance at the glorious stained glass windows that her companion was admiring.

"Yes," he said in answer to a question from her, "of course you don't understand the details in those paintings yet, because you haven't gone far enough in your history lessons to learn more than the outline of Joan's story. But I promised to tell you all I know about it, and I'm going to do it now—as soon as we find a good place to sit down outside. It happens that I have always been interested in this part of French history and have read a good deal about it. And when I have told you her tale, it will be more real to you because of what you are seeing now in these pictures."

## *MARGOT HEARS THE STORY OF THE MAID*



*They arrived in Rheims and Charles was crowned*

### *Chapter 5*

**W**ELL," he began when they had found a grassy bank where they could sit comfortably, "we have just seen the house where Joan of Arc—or

Jeanne d'Arc—lived. She was born in 1412, and her family were the simplest kind of peasants. As she grew up, she came to learn that her country was at war with the English, whose king considered that through his ancestors he had a claim on a large part of France—several of the large provinces. You have heard of the Hundred Years' War, haven't you? Well, that was the war. It had begun in 1337 and had been going on ever since, with some interruptions. For instance, there had been a time when a terrible plague raged over Europe, and while that lasted nobody bothered about fighting.

“But by the time that we are talking about, the English had won so much success and had so large a part of the country in their possession, that the French were very much worried. Things were made much harder, too, because there was really no French king at the time; young Charles VII had never been crowned. But even if he had been it wouldn't have done much good—he was such a coward, and so weak-willed, and so easily influenced by bad advisors; not at all the sort who could have led his soldiers to victory against the invading English.”

“But were the English bad people?” asked Margot.

“Probably no worse than any people are when they go to war to conquer another people,” he replied. “They had to fight because their king made them, I suppose. And he wanted all the land he could get in France. Well, as little Joan grew older she did mostly what the other little girls in Domrémy did—helped her mother with the housework, learned to sew and knit, and tended her father’s sheep up on that hillside where the Basilica is now. She believed in fairies, and used to go into the wood to try to find them. She was a sweet and good child and everybody loved her.

“One day, when she was thirteen years old, she was watching the sheep. And suddenly she had what is called a ‘vision.’ It seemed to her that three angels appeared before her and spoke to her. She was dazzled, for there was a heavenly light all about the figures, and when they spoke to her she was frightened. But she knew that it must be all right, since angels are sent by God. But she said nothing about her vision when she got home. It wasn’t until the angels had come to her again and again that she made up her mind to tell her father

and mother what it was that she was being told to do.

“It was an astonishing and frightening thing that her angels commanded—nothing less than that she—humble little Joan of Arc—should go forth and seek the king and tell him that she must be put at the head of his army! That with God’s help *she* would be able to lead the French to victory!

“She was seventeen before she told her parents of this. And when she did, they thought she was losing her mind. What she begged them to let her do was to go to Vaucouleurs and ask the governor there to send her to the king. Her parents would not hear of it. But finally they consented to let her go and visit her uncle at Neufchâteau, and see whether he would help her. There, though her uncle at first scolded her and wouldn’t believe her story, she did in the end persuade him to take her to the governor at Vaucouleurs.

“When they called upon the governor he was eating dinner with two knights. You can imagine their surprise when Joan told them that she had been chosen to drive the English out of France! She asked the governor to send her to the king.

His Excellency was surprised when she predicted that, on a certain day, and at a certain place, the French would again be defeated in a big battle. Her 'voices' had told her this."

"Oh, but wasn't she afraid of the governor and the knights?" Margot broke in.

"No. If she felt so confident of her mission that she knew she would not be afraid of the king, why should any men of lower rank frighten her? Anyway, the governor told her to wait, and if her prophecy came true he would help her. Sure enough, on the day and at the very place she had said, what was called the Battle of Herrings was fought. And the French lost! Then the governor was convinced.

"The two knights offered to take Joan to the king, and the governor promised to send some soldiers with them. The people of Vaucouleurs raised money and bought Joan a horse, with a saddle and a bridle. The governor had a fine suit of armor made and even gave her his own sword.

"Can't you picture to yourself this beautiful girl dressed as a young knight, wearing her shining armor, and seated on her big Belgian horse? Oh, she was the very spirit of France in the flesh!"



“So with a small bodyguard, including the two knights, she started on the long ride to Chinon, where the king was.

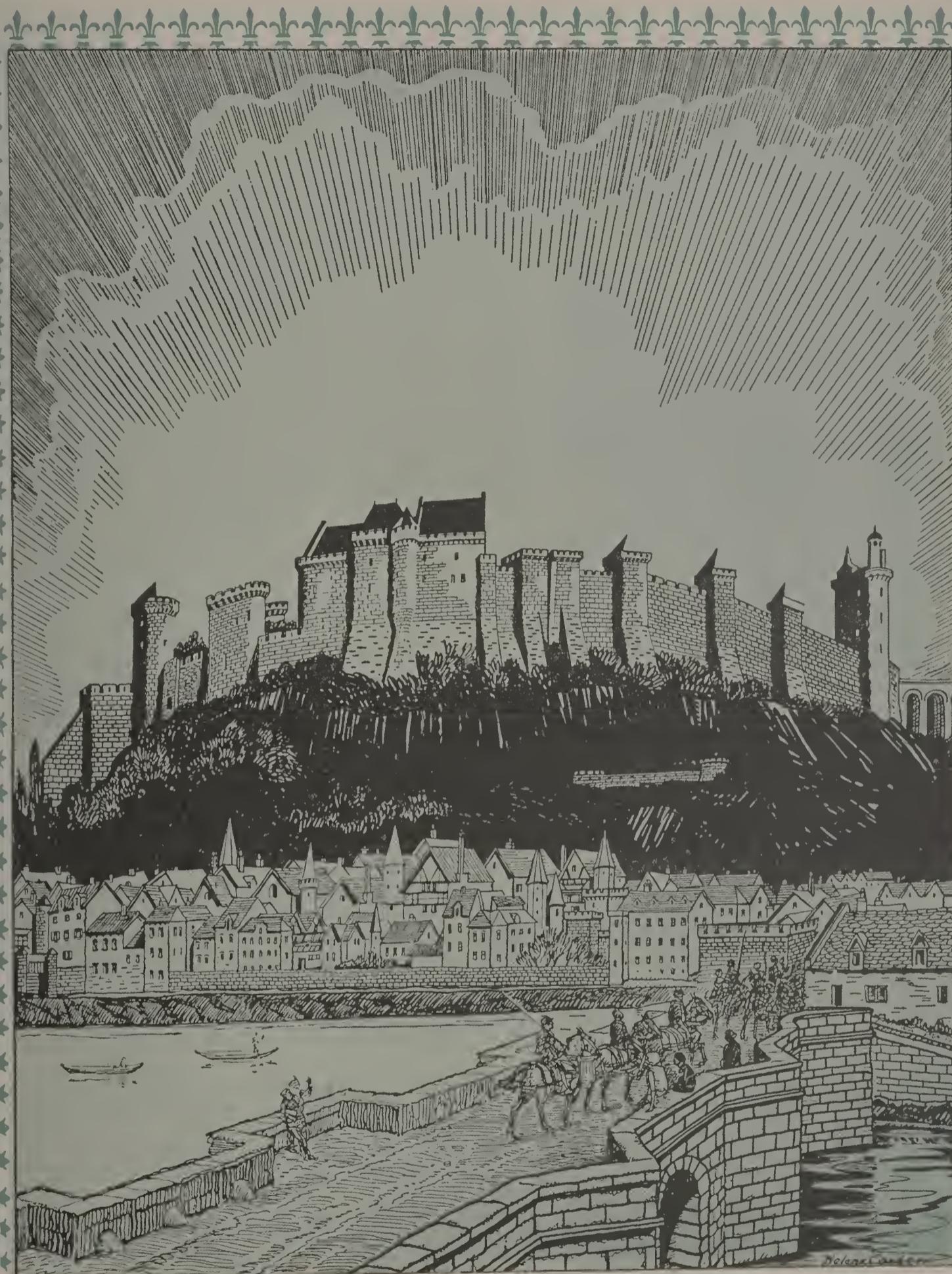
“She and some of the others had never ridden before, but they learned fast. They traveled for five or six nights—it was safer to ride at night, since the country was full of the enemy. Several times, even then, they ran into parties of English and Burgundians and had to do some fighting.”

“Who were the Burgundians?” Margot asked.

“Well, they were French, of course, because they came from the province called Burgundy; but they were not loyal to the French king. They were plotting against him, and had joined with the English to prevent Charles from being crowned and to help the English king to conquer all of France. That is, they were traitors to their own country.

“When Joan and her men reached Chinon she found it hard to get permission to see the king. Her knights had to try for several days before they could persuade him to hear what she had to tell him.

“At last, however, Joan and the knights were invited to the castle. They arrived in the midst of a big reception.”



*Joan and the knights were invited to the castle*





“What’s a reception?” asked Margot.

“A reception,” he explained, “is a kind of party that is given to welcome some one, in order to get acquainted. But the king would not believe the story that Joan was being directed by God and His angels, and he decided that he would test her. He would mislead her by changing clothes with one of the courtiers. The Maid was ushered into the big hall, led up to the throne, and there presented to the man who was posing in the king’s clothes. Now, she had never seen the real king—not even a picture of him. But the instant that she saw the man she knew by instinct, or by Divine guidance, that this was not the king. So she turned away and looked about her. Presently she spied the real king standing among his courtiers. She ran and threw herself on her knees before him, addressing him as her ‘gentle Dauphin,’ for she would not consider him as the king until after he should be properly crowned.”

Margot interrupted again. “Wasn’t a Dauphin always the eldest son of any French king?” she asked. “Or his grandson, or anybody that—I don’t know how to express it exactly—”

“You mean that the heir to the throne was called

the Dauphin? Yes; and in this case, Charles *had* been the Dauphin until his father, Charles VI, died a few years before this. But he had not yet been crowned, and so Joan called him 'Dauphin.'

"He tested her by saying that she was mistaken—that *that* was Charles, on the throne. But she answered that she knew *he* was her 'gracious liege.' At this, the king admitted she was right, and ordered her to rise. He asked her who she was and what she wanted.

"Joan told him all about her 'voices' and what they had ordered her to do. Then the king believed her, but some bishops and other false counsellors induced him to send her to Poitiers to be tried in a court of Churchmen to find out whether her 'voices' came from God or from Satan.

"This, of course, caused another delay, for the trial took some time, the Churchmen prolonging the affair as much as they could. But finally they decided that Joan's 'voices' did not come from Satan. When the king heard their report, he agreed to do what she asked of him—to make her commander-in-chief of the armies of France. She is the only person—either man or woman—in the history of the world who has ever been in entire

command of the forces of any country at so early an age, for Joan was only seventeen.

“On the way to meet her army she stopped at Tours. It was there that she had a vision of an old sword which one of her ‘voices’ told her was buried at a certain ancient church not far away. So she sent one of the knights to get it. It seems that there was a story in that neighborhood—an ancient story told by old men, who had heard it from their forefathers. This tradition said that the sword had been buried there, hundreds of years earlier, by the mighty Charlemagne, the emperor who ruled over all of western Europe in the ninth century. And now Joan’s knights went and found this sword, and gave it to her. So she took Charlemagne’s sword into battle with her.

“Joan’s next move was to Blois, where the soldiers had been gathering. General La Hire, a grizzled old warrior, was in command of the camp. They were hard-swearing, hard-drinking, and hard-fighting men, and La Hire was the hardest of them all. As commander-in-chief, the Maid’s first act was to order a review of the whole army. Her second was to call La Hire into private council. Next, she ordered that the soldiers must all

stop swearing and drinking, and must attend church twice every day.

“Though La Hire thought these would be hard rules to enforce, he agreed to do his best. But when she said that *he* must be the first to obey the rules, it was too much! Why, he had been swearing and drinking all his life. How could he stop now? And as for attending church—impossible! But he soon grew ashamed of himself and came back to apologize and humbly promise to do his best. He kept his word and enforced her rules among the soldiers. The Maid’s goodness had won even the terrible La Hire.

“Not far from Paris and from Blois is the city of Orléans. Here the English forces were besieging the French in the city, surrounding it with their forts. The people were by now in a desperate condition, because for a long time it had been impossible to get any food into Orléans, owing to the besieging enemy, and starvation was facing the city’s defenders. Something must be done, quickly, to relieve them, and Joan determined to go to their aid. She led her army through Olivet (across the River Loire from Orléans). Olivet was easily captured. She entered Orléans by crossing the river

at this point, but sent most of her army back to Blois to cross the river and come down on the other side.

“The people of Orléans gave her a great welcome and called her the ‘Maid of Orléans’—that is how she won this name. The citizens were so proud of her that they had a new and more beautiful suit of armor made for her.

“When the army arrived, Joan of Arc took command. In a series of hard-fought battles, fort after fort held by the English and Burgundians fell before her. She was wounded in the neck while climbing a scaling-ladder during one of the attacks. She soon returned to the assault, however, and the siege of Orléans was raised on the eighth of May, 1429. This was the first big victory of her campaign.

“The poor, weak King Charles had been left behind at Tours; so now Joan had to lead her army back there to report to him. He was, of course, pleased with her success so far, and offered to reward her. All she asked was that he should go with her to Rheims to be crowned; but he was afraid to go. She continued to plead. She knew that having a real crowned king would give the



soldiers more confidence, and help them to win more victories. But his counselors advised against going, and he was too weak-willed to oppose them.

“In a sudden burst of generosity, however, he touched her with his sword and ennobled her and all her family. Her coat-of-arms was to be the lilies of France, the crown, and a sword. The title he gave her was ‘*Dame du Lis*,’ or ‘The Lady of the Lilies.’ But what could a noble title mean to her? She was already more than noble: she was sublime—she was Joan of Arc!

“The ‘Lady of the Lilies’ had to march without her king. Town after town yielded to her and her soldiers. Before she took command the war had gone on for ninety-one years, with some periods of several years, now and then, when both sides had stopped fighting for a while. Lately there had been one defeat after another for the French, until now the mere sight of the enemy threw the French into a panic. But during the seven weeks when Joan had been leading them, the French had won victory after victory.

“Back to Orléans she went, to try again to induce the cowardly king to join her and the army in their fighting against the English. But he had

already retreated to Gien. She followed and, this time, she succeeded in persuading him. Soon there were further victories; again, town after town fell.

“Now they arrived in Rheims, and at last Charles VII was crowned king of France amid great pomp and splendor. Again he begged her to ask a favor of him. Her only request was that Domrémy be freed from taxation forever. She could have had half of his kingdom for herself, but all she asked was help for others!

“And still further triumphs were to come. Many more towns fell before her onslaught. Now the end of the war seemed in sight. But it was still necessary for her to take Paris, the capital, away from the English who were in possession; so she moved her army to St. Denis, just outside of Paris, and prepared to attack the city.

“From this point on, the story of Joan is hard even for grown people to understand—to get straight; because the men who were in power in France were pulling so many different ways. There never was a time when all the French, including the King, were on Joan’s side, supporting her in her effort to drive the English from the country. There never was a time when they

weren't fighting among themselves—some for the King, some against him; some for Joan, some against her. Even among the English, not all the leaders were working against the French; some were trying to help Joan. She could not tell who was loyal to her, and who was trying to betray her.

“Charles himself hardly stayed of the same mind two days in succession. He would promise to help Joan, and the next day he would yield weakly to his worst advisers and start making it hard for her again. And she was doing all she could to save *his* country! Even the head men of the Church were opposed to the Maid. On every side she was in danger. But she kept on fighting at the head of her army, guided by her heavenly ‘voices’ and confident that she was doing the right thing.

“Well, here she was, outside of Paris, ready to give battle to the English in the city. The first day of the siege went against her. Then, the next day, when she wanted to try again, the king prevented her. She tried to retreat. She was wounded. Her men, discouraged and frightened, wanted to give up, and she could not persuade them to keep on. Then she was captured by the treacherous Burgundians, and they sold her to the English.”

“Sold her?” asked Margot, her astonishment making her interrupt.

“Yes. You see, the English by this time were sure that the only thing that prevented them from winning was Joan’s great influence on the French army. If only they could put her out of the way, they would be successful; and they were willing to pay the Burgundians to let them have her. Of course, they would say that she would have a ‘trial,’ but they planned to kill her. So in December, 1430, she was taken to Rouen and imprisoned, to await trial.”

“Didn’t the king help her at *all*?” asked Margot.

“Not at all. Nobody helped her. All that Joan had for comfort during this dreadful time was the visits of her angels, and their ‘voices’ telling her that she had done right. She was kept in prison for a long time. When finally she was brought to trial, both the Church and the English officials found her guilty, and she was burned at the stake —brave and simple and full of faith to the very end. It was a terrible and shameful thing; everybody admits that now. Joan was a truly great figure. And remember, Margot, she was only nineteen when she died!”

Margot sat silent for a long time, when her friend finished the story. Presently he interrupted her thoughts to suggest that they had better be starting homeward. In the village they found an American ambulance going to Neufchâteau, whose driver agreed to give them a ride as far as that on their journey back to Bourmont. At Neufchâteau they could take a train.

On the train Margot was evidently still thinking of the story. She broke out, "I am so glad to know so much about Joan. Wasn't she wonderful!"

"One of the most wonderful persons in all history," he replied. "And an interesting fact of this World War is that no statue of Joan of Arc has been hit. Rheims Cathedral, where years ago she took King Charles to be crowned, was badly damaged by German shots; but Joan's statue, in front of it, remained unharmed, even though the shots struck all about it. The same thing happened at many other places. Interesting, isn't it? But here we are at Bourmont."

# RUTH



*Margot, Ruth, and Private Kenworthy*

## *Chapter 6*

IN A FEW weeks Margot's American friend got word from his sister in America that it was going to be possible for Ruth to come to him in France, but that she would have to travel alone;

her aunt could not leave home for so long a time.

Ruth was much excited by the prospect, but her aunt was more concerned with making the necessary arrangements with the authorities, for even in ordinary times it is not easy to send a little girl across the Atlantic Ocean by herself. And though the War was over now, Ruth's aunt had to do a good deal of letter-writing before all of Ruth's plans were made.

With her aunt she went to New York, where she was to go aboard the big ocean liner that would take her to France. The ship's officers promised her aunt that they would take good care of Ruth on the way over. And indeed, before the boat reached Havre, the little girl was a favorite both with them and with her fellow-passengers, and she had enjoyed the trip so much that if it hadn't been that "Daddy" was waiting for her, she would have been sorry to land!

Havre is a French port on the north coast, on the English Channel, and here many of the big liners stop to leave passengers who are bound for France. At Havre Ruth found Madame Pucelle and Margot waiting to welcome her. Her father was in Bourmont, eager to see his daughter; he had wanted to



go to meet the boat but had not been able to get leave of absence.

Ruth found the train ride most interesting—everything looked so different from what she was used to in America. For instance, on the train itself she noticed that the door of the compartment was locked, and that when the conductor came around he had to unlock it. Margot explained that this was done to protect the passengers; that if the doors were kept unlocked the passengers might take it into their heads to visit their friends in another compartment, and that of course it would be dangerous for them to try to walk along the running-board. At the hotel where they stopped for one night, and at the cafés where they had their meals, Margot helped her new friend to order food. It was great fun to read the menu and change the French words into English.

Everything was very new and strange to Ruth, but Margot and her mother soon put her at her ease. They told her something about the country through which they were passing. Ruth knew that she would like France and her new friends. Besides, she was going to see her father again after nearly two years!



At last they arrived at the little railway station at St. Thibault, which is just across the stone bridge from Bourmont. Private Kenworthy was waiting for his little daughter, for Madame Pucelle had telegraphed what train they were coming on. How glad the two were to see each other again! And how pleased Margot was to see her friends so happy together! Private Kenworthy had ordered a private dining-room in a café in the village, and they went there at once for a good dinner to celebrate the reunion. Then they walked up the Bourmont hill to Margot's home.

Margot returned to her studies the next morning. As for Ruth, her father came up early to take her to the hospital with him. What fun it was for Ruth to watch him working in his laboratory! He mixed liquids in little glass tubes, held them in a small flame, and watched them change color. He spread different kinds of materials on thin glass slides, and dried them in the flame or the air; then he colored them with other liquids from small bottles, dried them again (sometimes with blotting paper), and put them on the microscope. When the slides were in position under the microscope's magnifying lens, he would let her look through the



eye-piece, down through the tube, at what was on the slides. And what interesting things she saw!

And so time passed. During the day Margot was busy with her school work. Private Kenworthy arranged for Ruth to study French and other subjects under a woman in Bourmont who spoke English. Sometimes she came down the hill and spent an hour or two with her father when he was not too busy to make experiments with his microscope and chemicals. One day he procured some very fine white sea sand from an old retired sailor in Bourmont. He put some of this sand on a slide under the microscope and, much to her surprise, Ruth discovered that it was made up of very tiny white shells!

Both of the girls were always most happy when Ruth's father could leave his work on Saturday and Sunday afternoon, to take long walks with them through the wood north of Bourmont or to visit other villages. Evenings they sat around the fireplace in the Pucelle home to play games, tell stories, and plan more hikes. It was not long before Margot knew that she had not lost her big soldier friend, even though his own little daughter had come to France.

## RUTH AND MARGOT AT MENTONE



*Old Mentone*

### *Chapter 7*

NOT long after Ruth's arrival in March, 1919, Madame Pucelle decided to go to the South of France for a month's visit on the Riviera. Ruth Kenworthy, who was still living with the Pucelles,



was to go with them. Margot's mother had decided to stay at Mentone, because it is one of the prettiest and quietest towns on the Mediterranean coast of France—the Riviera.

Mentone is down in the southeastern corner of France, on the Mediterranean Sea, just across the Pont Saint Louis from Italy. It has a delightful climate almost all of the year. There are many lovely public gardens with palm trees and flowers.

The War being over now, the American soldiers who had not yet been sent home had more liberty to enjoy themselves. Private Kenworthy had obtained a two weeks' leave-of-absence, and he too came to Mentone, staying at a smaller hotel not far from his daughter and their friends. Both hotels had entrances on the Promenade du Midi, a beautiful street that runs along the shore.

The morning after his arrival he had breakfast with Ruth, Margot, and her mother. He suggested that they take a stroll on the Promenade. But Madame Pucelle didn't feel like going out then, so the other three started off to enjoy themselves. They walked west along the coast, around the curve of the Bay of Mentone toward Nice. At Cap Martin they stopped and, before retracing

their steps, stood for a while to look back. A beautiful view of more than five miles stretched before them.

The long, gray town extends as far as the last houses of Garavan, which is the eastern suburb of Mentone; it reaches as far even as the Italian frontier—a beautiful city by the sea—along the wonderful shore that the Romans called the “Bay of Peace.” Such is Mentone, a pearl among pearls.

Behind the town, they saw no sudden, steep mountainside, as at Monte Carlo and some other Riviera towns. Instead of that, a charming country lay before them; long, low hills covered with vineyards, and with lemon, orange, and olive orchards. Behind the hills are the Maritime Alps. Far in the distance several villages can be seen perched high on the mountains. These are called by some “Saracen” villages; they are supposed to have been built by the Saracens back in the early Middle Ages.

The Saracens were a people of Arab origin who lived on the eastern and southern shores of the Mediterranean a thousand years ago and less. They were Mohammedan in religion, brave, fierce, and war-like. The Saracens of northern Africa

were pirates, whose boats made the Mediterranean a dangerous place for many centuries. When the Saracen pirates landed on the coast and attacked a town—as, for instance, Mentone—the people all rushed from their homes and ran up to the strong castle on the hill, where they found safety behind the fortifications. If the pirates caught any of the Christians, they carried them off for slaves. The captives were put to work rowing the great pirate ships called galleys. But only a few of these Arabs ever settled in the country around Mentone, and the villages aren't Saracen at all.

While Ruth's father was telling the two girls the story about the Saracens, they were all looking out over the Mediterranean. The girls decided that they had never before realized what the color blue could be! This sea is one of the most enchanting stretches of water in the whole world, its deep sapphire blue sparkling away for miles to the horizon where it meets the blue of the cloudless sky. None of them had ever dreamed of such beauty before, and they sat for a long time spellbound.

On the way back, after lunch at an inn, they followed a road that led along a range of the lower



hills through a dark, shadywood and past picturesque villas of colored stucco — yellow, orange, pink, pale blue, light green, and white — that had been built among the trees. They returned to Mentone through pine forests, passing the ruins of St. Martin's Chapel, which dates from the eleventh century. High on a hill they saw the ancient ruins of the Convent of the Annunciation and the cemetery where the historic old Castle of Mentone used to stand. On leaving Carnoles, a western suburb of Mentone, they again followed the Promenade du Midi, past more villas, great orchards and, in the background, large olive trees, eucalyptus, pears, elms, and big oaks.

In the center of the present city lies Old Mentone, with its harbor where the boats come to be loaded with fruit; its richly colored houses, its narrow, twisting streets, its many chapels, its long flights of steps, and its narrow paths climbing gradually up into the hills toward the old castle.

The next morning Margot and Ruth were up early. Private Kenworthy called for them before any of the other hotel guests were astir. After a hurried breakfast together, they rushed out in search of adventure.

And they soon found it. From a nearby alley came a series of hollow, metallic thuds and muffled screeches. Ruth's father, thinking that something terrible must be happening, told the girls to run back to the hotel, while he dashed into the alley. For once they did not take his advice, but followed him closely. Imagine their surprise on finding a large striped tomcat with its head caught in a salmon can! The poor cat was nearly mad with fright, and was dashing first one way and then another, sometimes running against the wall and sometimes into a post near the end of the alley.

"Oh, the *poor* thing! Can't we do something?" exclaimed Ruth.

"We may have to cut the can off," her father answered. "I have a can-opener on my Scout knife—that might do the job."

"Let's try first to pull the can off," Ruth suggested.

"All right," he replied, "but we must be careful not to hurt the cat. Let's see, suppose you take hold of the can with both hands. Be ready to jump back quickly when his head comes out. He is so excited that he probably won't know a friend from an enemy, and he may think it was all *our* fault."



Ruth took a firm hold on the can. Her father held the cat with one hand, while with the other he very carefully freed its head, which had been held by its ears and fur. Margot was an interested watcher; she danced around excitedly, pitying the terrified cat. Ruth's father held on until she jumped aside as he had told her to. The cat spat loudly, gave one last, long, dismal howl, and disappeared up the alley in a cloud of dust.

“Well!” exclaimed Margot. “I don’t think he was very grateful for all the trouble you took!”

“That’s no way for a self-respecting tomcat to behave,” her friend admitted, “but he was so excited he forgot his manners. We’ll forgive him this time.”

The three strolled down to the beach, where they found a group of little Spanish donkeys, all saddled and bridled. Each had a girl driver, waiting for some one to come along and ride. These little donkeys are very strong, sure-footed, and patient; they are really quite lovable animals.

“Oh, may we ride the donkeys, M’sieur Ken-worthy?” begged Margot.

“Where to?” he asked in return.

One of the donkey girls suggested that they ride

through the hills to the mountain behind Mentone, where a little town named Sainte-Agnès sits high on the mountainside. She spoke in the Provençal language—the old language of Mentone—but it was enough like French so that Margot understood her.

“That should be interesting,” Private Kenworthy admitted, when Margot had explained. “Do you want to go, girls?”

“Yes, please; let’s,” they both urged, speaking at the same time.

Margot chose the smallest donkey of them all. He had big floppy ears and little short legs, and looked for all the world like an overgrown jack-rabbit. Ruth chose a small white one. Her father picked out a bigger one, explaining, “It will fit me better.”

The friends mounted, the donkey girls shouted, “*Allez!*” and they started—but not very fast. The donkeys were willing enough, but they insisted on choosing their own rate of speed. The three wished to ride side by side so they could talk without shouting, but that did not please their mounts. Margot’s donkey—the one with the big, floppy ears—insisted on taking the lead. Ruth’s little

white mount was next, while the bigger one with Private Kenworthy on its back trudged patiently behind.

At first their course led past some attractive villas; then between vineyards and fruit orchards; then up and up, through pine forests, for Sainte-Agnès is about twenty-three hundred feet above sea-level. There is no road to this little mountain village; one must go to it either on donkeyback or afoot. Soon after they had turned north, the road began to climb, gradually at first, but growing steeper and steeper until at last it was only a rough and rocky trail winding along narrow ledges in some places.

Can you picture to yourself this little village perched almost on top of a mountain, with not even a road leading up to it? How would you like to live in such a place? The people there had no newspapers except a few that were sometimes brought up from Mentone, no telephones, no motion pictures, no automobiles. In fact, they lacked many of the things that American people seem to think necessary. But probably, for all that, the girls and boys of Sainte-Agnès are as happy as those who live in American towns.

Most of the houses were square with red tile roofs. There were one or two inns and cafés, a couple of stores, and one small church, into which the riders decided to go. There they found a priest, who begged them to stay long enough to hear the legend of Sainte-Agnès. He was a dear, kind old man, who spoke excellent English.

“Long ago, in the tenth century,” he began, “a Saracen chief named Haroun—who, though he was a pirate, loved beautiful things—caught sight of this mountain that we are on. One day, with a party of his youngest men, he climbed to the highest point. What a wonderful view was spread before him! Look! Miles of Mediterranean coastline, east and west—there is no more beautiful coast in the world. South, the deep blue of the sea; and north, the snow-topped Alps. And, thought the chief, what a fine place to defend, if he were attacked! Is it any wonder that Haroun, the pirate, chose this spot on which to build his castle?”

“Haroun and his men were returning from a raid on the rich city of Marseilles, with his ships full of gold, jewels, silks, laces, foods, and slaves. The men slaves would be made to row the big

pirate ships, and the women to be workers in the vineyards and orchards.

“All the women except one—a Christian maiden whom Haroun himself had captured in Marseilles. He loved her for her surpassing beauty. He had picked her up, thrown her over his shoulder, and then fought his way back to his ship. The maiden, Anna, begged to be freed and allowed to return to her home. She cried and pleaded until even the terrible Haroun took pity on her; he took her to his mother’s cabin on the ship and told her to be kind to the girl.

“Each day he went to his mother’s cabin to see Anna, to tell her of his love, and to ask her to marry him. Slowly Anna grew to like Haroun, because she knew that he was being as kind to her as he knew how to be. Each day he brought her the finest fruit he could find, and each day a beautiful jewel. And at last Anna found herself loving him in return. But she would not marry him, even now, for she was a Christian and he was a Mohammedan—an enemy of Christianity.

“Haroun’s ships were being pursued, so he sailed them all into the bay that you see down there. Here he found other Saracen pirates already

camped, so he was safe, and the pursuing ships turned back without attacking.

“Haroun brought the beautiful Anna up here to his strong castle and kept her prisoner for a long, long time. He begged her to abandon her religion and become a Mohammedan like himself. But Anna was a good Christian, and would not even think of deserting her faith.

“Then, one day, Haroun grew very ill. Anna was sorry for him. She sat by his side every day, and explained Christianity to him; telling him of Jesus, of how He had healed people of all kinds of ailments, of how He had cured the blind and the lame, of how He had raised Lazarus and others from the dead. And Haroun began to believe that her religion was better than his.

“But still Anna would not marry him, for she wanted to return to her home, where she could go to church and worship God in her own way. At last, Haroun consented to let her go. He gathered all of his money and jewels and sailed away to Marseilles.

“As soon as they landed, Anna hurried to her favorite shrine to pray. She knelt before a statue of the Virgin. It is still there, as it has been for

eighteen hundred years, in the church called Notre Dame de Confession. You may see it yourselves if you ever go to Marseilles.

“Anna felt much better after her long prayer, and she vowed that she would never marry anyone who was not a Christian. When she rose to her feet, she saw Haroun kneeling in a far corner of the church! Haroun kneeling in prayer! Soon after, he was converted and became a Christian. So they were married and lived happily ever after.”

Margot and Ruth thanked the priest for his story, and then they mounted to return to Mentone.

On the way down they nearly caught up with a group of American soldiers who also were riding donkeys. One of the animals was fond of walking on the very edge of the ledges. This it insisted on doing, much to the fright of its rider. Every time it walked along the edge of a dizzy cliff, the soldier leaned the other way. Once the donkey’s foot slipped, knocking a small stone over the edge, where it went bounding hundreds of feet below. Frightened, the soldier leaned so far the other way that he fell off *ker-flop!*

Everybody laughed, of course, but the girl donkey-drivers laughed loudest of all. The soldier picked himself up, very red in the face. Even the donkey seemed to think it very funny, for he laid back his ears, stuck his head into the air, and brayed loudly as if he were laughing, too! Then everybody roared with laughter harder than before, and even the fallen soldier chuckled. But he would not mount again, preferring to walk the rest of the way down the mountain.

The next morning, before Madame Pucelle was up, the three ate hurriedly and started out once more. Again they seemed to be drawn toward the beautiful Mediterranean Sea.

They found a group of native fisherfolk on the beach, drawing in a great net. The men had their trousers rolled to their thighs, and the women had their dresses tucked up above the knees. They were pulling on long ropes that stretched far out into the sea.

Margot and Ruth stopped to watch these people as they hauled on the long ropes, hand over hand, coiling the ropes neatly on the sand. Before long, little cork floats appeared, and then the net itself. Now the people dragged the net in to the shore.



The two girls stepped closer to see what had been caught. They saw about three bushels of shining, silvery sardines, which would be canned later and probably shipped to Paris and other cities.

The three then walked on down the beach and were soon hailed by two fishermen in a little sail-boat. The boat was drawn up on the edge of the beach, and the fishermen were trying to get passengers for a short pleasure cruise.

Margot bargained with the boatmen, and the three friends stepped into the boat. One of the men shoved off and jumped aboard. Both men rowed until they were out far enough to catch the breeze, for the wind was offshore that day. Then the men put up the lateen sail—a triangular sail that is used on most Mediterranean fishing and small pleasure boats. It is usually brown or red, but is sometimes bright blue, green, yellow, violet, or orange.

The boat in which the friends had embarked was painted brown and had an orange-colored sail. The party first sailed about half a mile out from land and then followed the coast line east, past the beautiful suburb of Garavan and the Pont Saint-

Louis at the frontier. They were now in Italy. They continued along the Italian coast to San Remo. Here they landed just long enough for Margot and her friends to walk about a bit and buy some souvenir postcards. The houses and the people were much the same as in Mentone. It was hard to realize that they had crossed the boundary from France into Italy.

On the return trip they sat silent, admiring the scene around them—the deep blue sea, the white sea-wall, the yellow beach, the pink, light green, and light blue houses with their red tile roofs, the big white hotels gleaming in the sunshine, the several shades of green of the trees, the grayish white of the rocks on top of the mountains and, closer at hand, the swarm of yachts and ships in the harbor. There was so much to look at and enjoy that even the little girls were quiet for once!

After lunch with Margot's mother the friends strolled down to the beautiful Casino—a building which, like the one at Monte Carlo, had long been a famous gambling place. During the War, however, the American Y. M. C. A. rented the entire building, and it was being used at this time as a gathering place for the American soldiers on leave

in Mentone. Every afternoon, there were motion pictures and vaudeville acts which the soldiers and their friends could attend free. On Sunday mornings church services were held.

Madame Pucelle and the girls went into the building with Ruth's father to buy some candy. They stopped to watch the picture for a moment. Then Madame Pucelle decided to stay and see it all. Margot had lived in a little French village most of her life, and had seen very few motion pictures, and here in Mentone there had been too many other places to go, too many things to see, the weather too fine, for her to feel like staying indoors. So Margot and Ruth left Madame Pucelle to enjoy the picture, preferring to walk with the soldier through the public gardens near the Casino, north towards the hills.

On one of the lower hills behind Mentone is a beautiful public park that has been kept in its natural forest state, with great oak and pine trees, wild flowers, and a babbling mountain brook. There are rustic benches and mossy rocks to sit upon. The climb up the steps and winding paths had tired all three and they were glad to sit on a bench to rest.

“What is that?” asked Margot. “It sounds like somebody crying.”

“It must be a child,” replied Ruth. “Let’s go and see.”

Sure enough, they found a girl about four years old, a pretty child who was sitting on the ground in the midst of a lot of flowers she had picked and played with until tired. She was sobbing loudly.

Margot spoke to her in French.

“No,” replied the little girl in English, “I’m not losted. Nursie is losted.” But now she began to smile just a bit.

Margot took a handkerchief and wiped away the tears, and Ruth picked the child up in her arms. The youngster soon forgot her troubles.

By questioning, they learned that her name was Pam and that, while picking flowers, she had seen a “pitty buttyfly” and followed it.

“Let’s try to find her nurse,” suggested Margot.

“I’m afraid Pam is too tired now,” answered Ruth’s father. “Suppose you girls stay here with her, while I search for the nurse. I won’t be long.”

He had not gone far before he found a young Frenchwoman who appeared much excited. She rushed to him and asked if he had seen a little girl.



He took her to where Margot, Ruth, and Pam were waiting, and "Mam'selle" was overjoyed at seeing her little charge safe. She explained that it had all been her fault—she had dropped off to sleep, and Pam had wandered away.

She told them that she had been Pam's nurse for the past three years, and had traveled about with Pam and her mother wherever they went. Pam's father was an officer in the British army, and Pam, her mother, and Mam'selle were spending several months in Mentone before returning to England.

After everybody had rested and become acquainted, they decided upon a walk through the garden and wood before returning to the city below. They followed a winding path and finally came out into a cleared piece of pasture land.

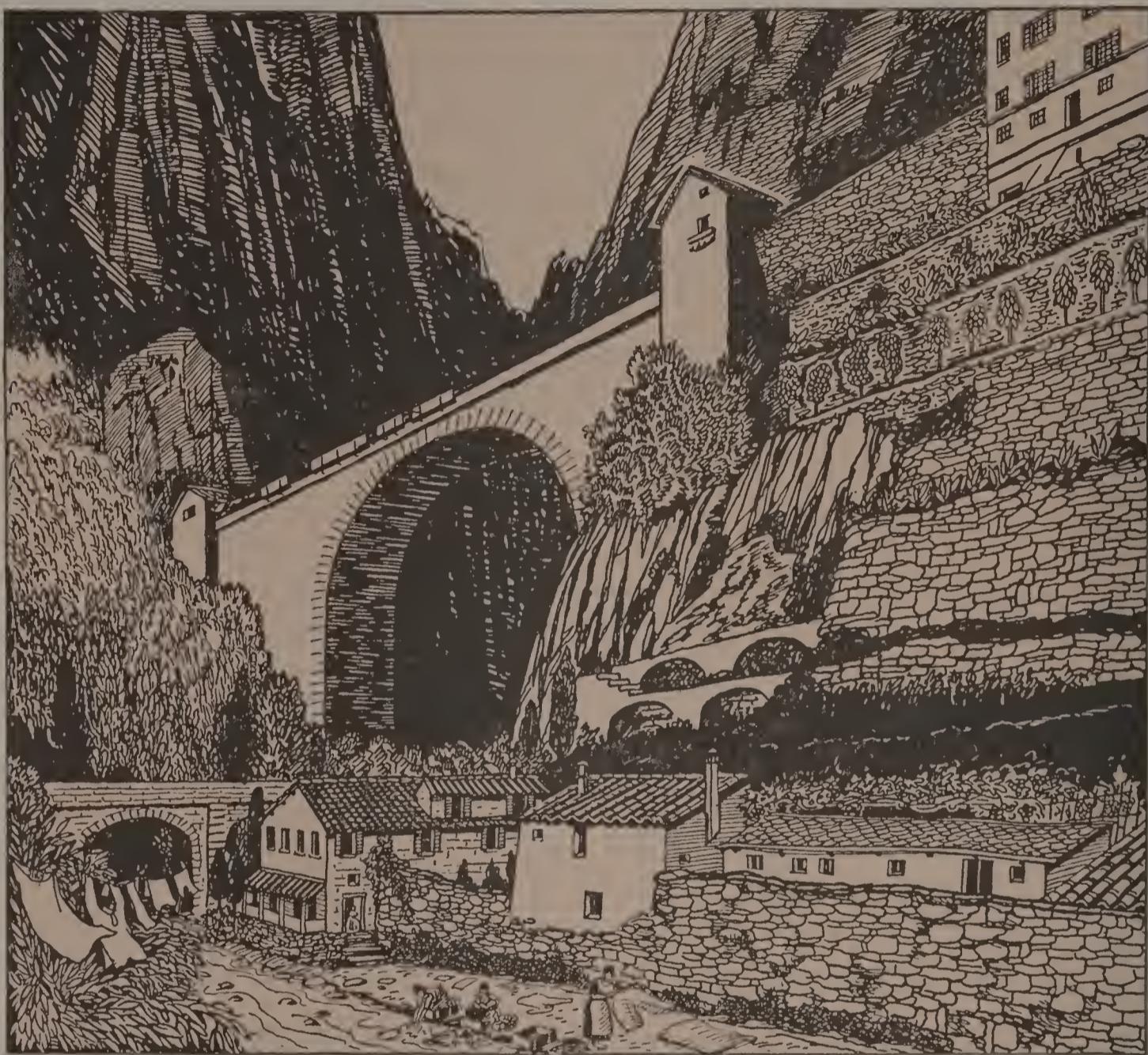
"Oh, look!" cried Margot, pointing. "What is that, M'sieur Kenworthy?"

Until they came closer to it, even he could not tell what the strange-looking object was. But they soon found it to be a donkey who, after being tied to a tree with a long rope, had wound the rope round and round the tree, twisted the rope around its neck and one of its front legs, and then fallen down, helpless.

Private Kenworthy and Mam'selle tried to help it to rise, but could not because it was so badly wound up. Then they tried to untie the rope, but could not do that either. The knot was too hard. Then he opened his Scout knife, and held the donkey while Mam'selle cut the rope and unwound it from the donkey and the tree. Finally, after it was tied again, and allowed to get to its feet, the donkey wiggled both of its long ears, shook its legs, one at a time, and ran a few times around the tree again. Then it walked slowly up to Private Kenworthy and tried to get its nose into one of his coat pockets. The pocket was buttoned, but he found a piece of chocolate for the animal. It was a friendly little donkey and seemed to like to be petted by Margot, Pam, and Ruth.

The donkey tried to follow them, but the rope held it back. The girls were just saying how sad it looked, when all of a sudden it kicked up its hind feet, ran a couple of times around the tree, stopped and wiggled its funny, big, floppy ears, laid them back, opened its mouth wide, and said, "Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw," just as the soldier's donkey had done during their recent adventure.

# THE STRANGE LEGEND OF GARAVAN



*Pont Saint-Louis. The bridge between France and Italy*



## Chapter 8

FTER breakfast next morning Margot and Ruth stopped at the hotel for Pam and Mam'selle, as they had arranged to do, and

they decided to take a walk across the border into Italy.

At each end of the Pont Saint-Louis was a tiny house—a sentry box—just big enough for a man to stand or sit in. On the French end of the bridge stood a soldier, wearing the horizon blue of the French. But as the little group approached, the guard stood his long, bayoneted rifle against the little house, and stepped up to Private Kenworthy with a friendly grin, and said, “Hello, buddy, where are you from?”

“Michigan,” said Private Kenworthy, in surprise. “Where are you from, and how do you happen to be wearing *that* uniform?” He was sure that the man was an American.

“I’m from Tennessee, and my name is Fort,” he replied. “I was traveling in France in 1914, when the War started, so I enlisted in the French army.”

“But why didn’t you transfer into the American army later?” asked Private Kenworthy.

“Well,” he answered, “I was used to the French army by that time, and I just didn’t feel like changing over. Besides, I was learning French fast, and staying with my outfit seemed to be the best way of keeping on. Still, I do enjoy meeting

Americans down here. Have you people time to sit down and talk a bit?"

They said they certainly had, and proceeded to look around for something to sit on. The soldier reached into his sentry box and pulled out a stool for Mam'selle,—"But I think the rest of you will have to make yourselves comfortable on the ground."

He was a very friendly young fellow, and soon all six of them were deep in a lively conversation. The sentry had many questions to ask, and in his turn met theirs with some interesting stories of his own experiences. In the course of one of these he chanced to mention an old legend that was current in the district and Ruth and Margot promptly asked him to tell it.

"It's rather long," he replied, "but maybe it will interest you. It is connected with Garavan. You know where Garavan is?" They nodded. "Well, it was told to me by an old man of Garavan, just as he had heard it from his great-grandfather, many years ago.

"When Adam and Eve were forced to leave the Garden of Eden they were very, very sad, for the Garden was such a lovely place to live in. They

had no trunks or other baggage to pack, of course, and no tables, and chairs, and beds to move, as people have nowadays.

“Moving was easy then. But women are more thoughtful of their comfort and their future than men are, so just as they were passing the Angel with the Flaming Sword, Eve asked if she might take along some fruit to eat on the journey, and to remember her old home by. The angel said that he could see no harm in that, provided that Eve would be very careful not to damage the trees.

“Eve carefully broke off four branches—one of lemons, one of oranges, one of figs, and one of olives. Adam would not speak to the angel, nor even help carry the fruit, because he was sad and resentful over being put out of the Garden of Eden. He kept telling Eve that it was all her fault.

“Nobody seems to know just where the Garden of Eden was, but it must have been the loveliest place in the whole world, for Adam and Eve walked, and walked, for weeks and weeks, without finding any new place that looked nearly as nice as their old home. They were both getting very

tired by the time they reached the coast of the country we now call Italy. Then one day, just when Adam vowed he would not go much farther, Eve cried, 'Stop, Adam. Isn't that the sweetest place! Right over there—see? It looks *almost* like Eden!'

"Adam looked, and immediately agreed with her.

"The spot she was pointing to was right over there, under that high, white cliff that you see. They went to it and found a nice, big, new cave. Nobody had ever lived there before; and they decided that this was the place for them to settle down.

"Right away Adam began pulling a lot of small branches, leaves, and pine needles, and piling them in one corner of the cave for a bed. Eve was at the same time planting the lemon, orange, and fig seeds, and an olive stone.

"The trees grew fast, and when Adam and Eve were hungry they had fruit right in their front yard. When they were thirsty they had a river of cold, clear water to drink. And when they wanted to bathe there was the whole beautiful bay for a bath tub!

“As time passed, they had children and grandchildren; and before Adam and Eve died they saw their great-grandchildren playing about in front of the cave where they had settled so many years before.

“Now, according to this legend, this was the way that the human race came to be—starting right here in Garavan. Time went on, and people became wiser and wiser. One man presently learned how to make stone hammers; another one used harder stone, called flint, and made better hammers, and hatchets, and knives. Then some man later tied a flint knife on the end of a long stick, and called it a spear. After many centuries, a clever man invented the bow and arrow. Somebody found out the secret of fire; maybe from a tree that had been set afire by lightning; maybe by striking two pieces of flint together; maybe by rubbing sticks—nobody knows. Now that these people had weapons and fire, they learned to cook meat.

“In the meantime some of the women had begun to make baskets; first by using big leaves, later by weaving grasses. At first they used these baskets to cook in by filling them partly full of food and

water and then dropping heated stones in, so as to boil the food. But, no matter how closely they wove these baskets, still they leaked, until some of the women tried lining them with clay. This clay lining stopped the baskets from leaking, but at first the clay made the food very dirty. After the clay-lined baskets had been set out in the sun to dry a few times, however, the clay hardened enough to remove that trouble.

“One day a very careless woman left a clay-lined basket too close to the flames and it caught fire. This burned all of the basket-work off and baked the clay very hard. So you see the first real cooking pot was made by chance. It was not much like our pottery now—it was rough inside and clumsily shaped, and the print of the basket-work remained on the outside. But this accident was the beginning of pottery-making, so the legend says.

“Well, the people continued to improve their ways of living, and to increase in number, and to spread farther and farther away from this country, until after thousands of years they covered the whole earth. And that’s the end of the story! Of course, you understand, it isn’t true. It is only the

way that people *thought* things got started, before they really knew. Science teaches us a very different story today—though the scientists agree that the way in which the long-ago Cave People learned how to make pottery, for instance, was just about as this legend tells.”

Ruth had a question. “Then there *were* really Cave People? Do they know that now?”

“There surely were,” the soldier assured her. “This southern part of France and the northern part of Spain are full of caves where men lived several hundred thousand years ago—caves more or less like this one near here. And wonderful discoveries have been made in them, discoveries that tell us a good deal about how those people of the Old Stone Age lived. The scientific men who make such investigations are called archeologists, which means that they try to find out all they can about the ancient life of our race, before there was any recorded history. Some of these men have dug into the floor of that cave over there and have found interesting things in the rubbish of centuries. In the top layer there was some fairly good pottery, beads, and weapons; down deeper, there was cruder pottery and rougher hammers; and



deepest of all they found some clumsy cooking-baskets and soft stone hammers. What do you suppose they decided all this meant—that is, the order in which the things were found?"

Ruth and Margot looked at each other, but it was the American girl who guessed first. "Why," she said slowly, "I suppose it meant that the top things were the kind used by the people who lived in the cave *last*? And the ones that were down deepest—they must have been left long before that—by the people who lived in the cave first. Is that it?"

"Exactly." The soldier turned to Private Kenworthy. "Do you realize that you have a daughter here who uses her head? You ought to be proud of that kid!" And indeed, the other man was smiling broadly, while Ruth turned pink with embarrassment. To cover this up she asked hurriedly, "Is that all of the story?"

"Yes—unless you and the others have time to go over to the cave and see what it looks like. There is a man there who will tell you more than I can. In Mentone there is a museum in which many of the things are preserved that were found in the cave. Perhaps you will have time to visit it?"



Private Kenworthy rose and said, "I'm afraid our days here are going to be packed pretty full as it is, and I doubt whether we can get there. I know we'd all like to go over to the cave, but there is no time left now. We must get started back to our hotels. I am sure we are all very much obliged to you for your talk, aren't we, girls?"

The two girls spoke their thanks to the soldier, and Mam'selle made a polite French speech of gratitude as the party turned to make its way back to the city.

## ON TO MONACO AND MONTE CARLO



*The old city of Monaco*

### *Chapter 9*

MA'MSELLE had said that Pam and she were going to Monte Carlo and asked Margot and Ruth to go along. So the five friends were soon on the

tram, or electric trolley car, which runs west along the sides of the mountains. Below them were the rocks, and far below these, the sea. All around were the gay villas made of colored stucco. And what a shaky, shivery ride it was. The tram sped along on its way sometimes rocking, sometimes going around the curves so fast that the girls squealed and held each other in make-believe fright. Sometimes they were so high in the air, on steel trestles, that they seemed to be flying. But everything they saw was so interesting and beautiful that they all enjoyed their trip.

What is now called the old city of Monaco, built upon a high rock extending out into the sea, was first settled many hundreds of years ago by the Phoenicians, a people who lived at the eastern end of the Mediterranean and later on the north coast of Africa. They were great sailors and merchants, who founded settlements all around the Mediterranean Sea, to trade with the natives. This city of Monaco is the capital of the little country, or principality, of Monaco; the whole country no bigger than a good-sized American city, and, at the time when Ruth and Margot saw it, governed by a prince.

The streets are old and narrow, but very clean. On the edge of the big Rock, overlooking the sea, is a little open-air restaurant, where the friends sat down at a white table, and had lunch. From their seats they could see the palace of the Prince. Sentinels in their neat uniforms, with spotless, snowy-white trousers, helmets, and gloves, marched stiffly back and forth; and a few guards, off duty, were walking about.

Below, in the little harbor, the Prince's yacht, with many others, was anchored. For many years the rulers of Monaco have been famous sailors and yachtsmen. Near the palace, the Prince has the greatest marine museum in the world, full of all kinds of fishes, sea-monsters, sponges, other sea life, models of ships, and other interesting things.

From the old city of Monaco, it is only a few minutes' walk to the newer city of Monte Carlo, which is a part of the little country. Some people consider Monte Carlo more beautiful than Mentone; but it has a different kind of beauty. Mentone is more natural, for the trees are mostly those that grow naturally in southern France: chestnuts, oaks, and pines. Monte Carlo, on the other



*Monte Carlo and palace of the Prince of Monaco*



hand, has giant cacti, rubber trees, palms, and other foreign trees and shrubs.

Monte Carlo is most noted, however, for its big gambling palace, which is known all over the world. The party, having looked at it with some curiosity from the outside, strolled about through the beautiful gardens, and then up the hill. Monte Carlo is built on the side of the mountain, and it seemed to them that they would never reach the "top of the city." From there they had a splendid view east, west, and south, including a big, black thunderstorm coming right their way.

None of them had coats, and as the rain reached them, they all rushed down the hill, pell-mell, as fast as they could run, with Mam'selle carrying Pam in her arms.

About halfway down the hill they came to a large four-story building with a high iron fence around it. Over the gate was an iron arch with these words in gilt letters, "*École pour Jeunes Filles.*"

"School for Young Girls," Margot translated, and added, "It is a boarding-school, of course."

"Oh, a French boarding-school!" Ruth exclaimed. "I wish we could see inside."



Just at that moment, two women in earnest conversation approached, seemingly not minding the rain a bit. One of them—the elder—had overheard Ruth's remark, and now she said in English, but with a French accent, "So you would like to 'see inside' of my school, Mademoiselle? And why not? You do not like our French rains." She had recognized Ruth as an American child. The *concierge*, or porter, now stood politely holding the gate open.

"Enter, my friends," continued the elder woman, who was evidently the head of the school. Motioning to Private Kenworthy and the girls, she led the way up the walk.

Just then a gong sounded in the lobby. Margot and Ruth heard the tramping of many feet. Soon a group of very little girls came marching down the great marble stairway, led by a young lady. All of the children wore pretty blue uniforms and *bérets* (a small wool tam). When they reached the windows and saw that it was raining, they suddenly looked dismayed. Apparently they had expected to go outdoors.

The headmistress spoke to the girls' leader in French.



“*Oui, oui, Madame,*” was the reply.

Madame pressed a button, and a *bonne*, or maid, appeared.

Madame gave another order.

“*Oui, oui, Madame.*” The maid retired, to return shortly with other maids, each carrying little chairs, which they placed in a circle, with a larger chair for the *maîtresse*, or teacher. Now came other groups of girls; one group being about six to eight years of age, another group of from eight to ten, another of ten to twelve years, and so on. The maids continued to bring chairs, and the children all seated themselves in circles with their teachers.

Now the maids brought little sewing baskets for the youngest girls of all—tots of four to six years of age; and the youngsters were soon busy sewing and embroidering under the direction of their *maîtresse*. Little drawing boards were brought for the girls in the next few groups. These boards had muslin corners, under which the children slipped their sheets of paper. The teachers placed pictures of dogs, cats, and other objects on the floor against their knees for the children to copy. Then painting supplies were brought for the older

girls, who were soon at work with their water colors. How busy they all were!

“Wouldn’t it be lovely if I could attend a school like this!” Ruth exclaimed to her father.

“Mother was going to send me to a boarding school,” Margot told her, “but the War came, and Father was no longer with us to earn money. So I shall have to wait until I am older. But I do not care, for I like best to be with Mother.”

It was such fun to watch the children at their sewing, embroidering, drawing, and painting. Madame explained that the older girls also studied the French language and grammar (reading aloud), either English or German, ancient and modern literature, arithmetic, geometry, chemistry, physics, natural history, domestic economy, music and gymnastics; and some of them studied Latin. Ruth reflected that, after all, the course given here was not greatly different from what boarding-school girls at home studied. She noticed that all of the children, when speaking to a teacher, always addressed her as “Madame,” Margot explained that this was school etiquette and did not mean that all three teachers were married women!



The headmistress now suggested that the visitors might like to see where the students slept and ate. She led the way up clean white stairs and along a corridor, and opened a door.

“Oh, isn’t it *sweet!*” exclaimed Ruth, looking about her.

“*Mais oui!*” In her excitement, Margot forgot her English.

A row of high, narrow, and very clean white beds lined each wall. Beside each little bed was a white commode with toilet articles, and over each commode hung a rosary.

“This is where the younger girls sleep,” Madame explained. “Now, if you will come with me—”

She led the way downstairs and opened another door to show a large room filled with long tables covered with spotlessly white linen, dainty china, and gleaming silver. Some of these tables were very low, with little chairs for the small children.

“What a perfectly delightful dining room!” Private Kenworthy was full of admiration.

By this time, the shower was over. But it was too late for the students to take their walk with their teachers.

“If you can wait,” Madame told the soldier and

his friends, "you may see the children doing their folk dances in the garden."

"Thank you," Private Kenworthy replied, "but we must hurry now, to catch the tram back to Mentone for the night."

It had not rained at all in Mentone, and the weather was fine. Ruth's father hired a carriage to take them to a little restaurant down on the beach, near the Italian border. The dining room was situated out over the water, with the waves rolling up under the floor. For the girls this was an interesting experience with which to end a truly wonderful day.

## ADVENTURES IN NICE



*Nice is on the pretty Bay of Angels*

### *Chapter 10*

**F**IFTEEN miles west of Mentone, along the beautiful Mediterranean shore, past Monaco and Monte Carlo, is Nice—another playground for the rich. Nice is pronounced just like “niece.”



The whole party rode to Nice on the train—a train not at all like those that go through Bourmont. These cars in Nice were much larger, with aisles down one side, instead of having no aisles at all.

Throughout France the railways are very safe. At each crossing there is a pair of gates, and a little house in which lives the gate-keeper—usually a woman. Just before train time she comes out, blows a tin horn, puts the gates down, and then stands perfectly still with the horn in one hand and a flag in the other, holding them both up so that everyone on the road can see. No matter how hard it may be raining, she stands there just the same. Sometimes the trains are late; but no matter how late they are, there she is, standing like a statue, and holding up all the traffic until the train passes. After that she puts up the gates, blows the horn, and goes back into her little house.

Nice is on the pretty Bay of Angels and was first settled long ago by some Greeks from Marseilles, or possibly, as some say, by the Phoenicians. During the days of the Roman Empire, Nice was a rich Roman province, and wealthy Roman noblemen had beautiful palaces, villas, and baths here.



It was annexed to France in 1860, and since then most of the new part has been built. Probably no city of its size in the world has more beautiful palaces and hotels than Nice.

Down on the shore Margot and her friends found the beautiful, white-domed Casino which, like the one at Mentone, had been rented by the American Y. M. C. A. and was used as a place for the American officers and soldiers to gather and enjoy themselves. The building sat out over the water, like so many buildings in that part of the country.

East and west from the Casino stretch miles of beach; in some places soft sand, and in other places large rocks, have been washed ashore by the waves. Beside the beach are beautiful wide streets, lined with palm and pine trees, and many comfortable benches.

“What pretty streets,” cried Margot. “Do you know the names of them, M’sieur Kenworthy?”

“Yes,” he replied. “The other night I was reading a guidebook that told me a good deal about them. First I’ll tell you about the one that runs toward the west. Over a hundred years ago, in 1821, there was a very bad winter that killed most

of the fruit trees. Many of the poor people of Nice had no fruit to sell. They had no money with which to buy food, and they were hungry. Some rich English people who then lived in Nice told the poor men that if they would build a good, big, wide street west along the shore from this spot, they would give them all enough money to buy food for their families. The road was built; it took a lot of work and a lot of time, but the poor people of the whole city were kept from starving. And when the new street was all finished, what do you think the people of Nice named it? *La Promenade des Anglais*—the English Promenade—because the English people had been so good. Isn't that a good name for it?"

"Yes. And the other—?"

"The other one going east from here," said her companion, "is the *Quai des États Unis*. It is named after the United States. In this way, you see, Nice helps the friendship between France, England, and the United States."

Rich people from all over the world come to Nice because the city is so beautiful and the climate is so mild. One hears many different languages. Most of the European people, of course, dress

much alike, but sometimes Margot saw an Arab with his white, sheet-like robe, or *burnoose*, wrapped about him; or an Algerian soldier, also from northern Africa across the Mediterranean. Each of these soldiers wears a cap, or *fez*, having a tassel dangling over one eye or ear.

At the bank of the Paillon, a little river that runs through Nice, some women were washing clothes. They knelt behind a boarded protection, built so that the water would not splash on them. The women rubbed lots of soap into the wet clothes, and sloshed them up and down in the water. Then they pounded them with short wooden paddles. After this they swished the clothes through the stream to rinse them, paddled them some more, and continued this process until the clothes were clean.

Now they spread them on the grass to dry in the sun. This is the way clothes are washed all over France, except that when no streams are handy big concrete troughs are built under sheds. The women really enjoy washing in this way; for, while it is hard work, they have plenty of company, and there is a chance to talk and laugh as they work.

Margot and Ruth visited Castle Rock, in the

park where the old Castle of Nice used to be. The view was very good from the top of the big rock, though not so good as from Sainte-Agnès. Going back down the big hill Margot insisted on leading the way down a narrow, winding path which took them through an old cemetery.

From the cemetery, the path grew wider and turned into a very crooked street, which led through the old part of the town. Besides being narrow and crooked, the street was rather dark. The houses were nearly all six stories high, so that little sunlight could get down to the street except at noon. Here and there carpets, rugs, and pieces of colored sail-cloth were hung from one window to another. In other places, vines were trained across the windows. Potted flowers and birdcages were plentiful, and clotheslines full of gayly colored dresses and shirts waved in the breeze.

There were no sidewalks. But even if there had been, they would have not been used, for the housewives have the habit of throwing their dish-water out of their front windows! Everyone must be careful lest he get an unwelcome showerbath! The street was full of children, dogs, cats, and chickens, and there was a great scampering when-

ever a wagon or an automobile would come along.

Ruth noticed again that there were no porches. Some of the women had brought their sewing, or their vegetables to be pared, to the bottom of the stairways. There they could talk and laugh with their neighbors across the street. In little open places along the thoroughfare, women sat with baskets of fish or vegetables for sale. One little girl was trying to sell small bunches of flowers from the flower market. She looked very tired and discouraged because she had not sold many.

“Oh, let’s buy some!” Margot and Ruth both spoke at once. So Ruth’s father bought all the flowers that the child had, giving her twice as much as she asked for them. When she had thanked him, and started to run away, he called her back and asked her to have lunch with them in a little restaurant. They had beefsteak, potatoes, soft white cheese, hot chocolate, and some dark bread that had been baked in a round loaf about a yard long. Ruth was again interested, as she always was, in watching the bread being cut, for the French usually hold the loaf firmly against their chests and then slice toward them.

The little flower-girl was evidently very hungry;

and Margot and Ruth purposely ate slowly, so she would eat as much as she could hold. When the food was all gone they asked the waitress to bring more bread and cheese and chocolate; then more cakes—for though all the children kept saying that they just couldn't eat anything more, somehow they managed to!

When they left the restaurant Private Kenworthy stopped at a bakery for a great big loaf of bread, made in a circle, with a hole in the middle. Then he went into another little store, and came out with a small dressed doll. Both of these he gave to the flower-girl.

“Oh—she didn’t say ‘thank you,’ M’sieur Kenworthy!” said Margot.

“No,” he replied, “but thanks were unnecessary. Her face showed plainly enough that she was happy—and grateful too. Now there are other places to see, so let’s hurry.”

Margot and her friends followed the twisting street to its end at the quay, or wharf, where they came to the flower and fruit markets.

The Nice flower market is famous for its carnations, roses, and violets, which are sent all over France. The vendors are mostly women and girls



who sit under big sunshades, surrounded by their baskets of flowers. Altogether, it is a delightful place to visit and, as Margot said, "It smells good, too!"

The party arrived at the railway station early. This was fortunate, for when Private Kenworthy drew his money from his pocket, it was all torn into small pieces. The French paper money, you see, is not so strong and tough as ours; it is more like very thin newspaper, and tears easily. Another interesting thing about French money is that the more francs the note calls for, the bigger it is. A five-franc note is larger than a one-franc; a ten-franc is larger than a five, and so on up to a thousand-franc note, which is very big indeed! But his money was so torn that it looked like some kind of puzzle.

"Now, what are we going to do?" asked Margot, in dismay. "I have only a few big *sous* with me." She looked at Ruth.

"I have only five *francs*," Ruth told her.

"We'll get back to Mentone, some way," returned her older friend. "It's my own fault, for I should have had it safe in my bill-fold. But I think I know who can help us."



He led the way back to the Y. M. C. A., where he and one of the "Y" men carefully pieced the money together, and pasted it on a large sheet of paper. It looked more like a puzzle than ever, now.

The "Y" man told them that he could take it to the bank the next day, and get new money for it. So he gave the soldier some good whole money in place of it. They all thanked the man for helping them out of what had seemed to be very real trouble.

The next morning Madame Pucelle, Margot, and Ruth went to the train with Private Kenworthy, since it was time for him to return to his company at Bourmont. But Margot and her mother were to stay at Mentone a while longer. He decided to leave Ruth with them, because he could not keep her with him at the hospital where he worked. Madame Pucelle and the girls were very sorry to have him go, but even so, the remainder of their Mentone visit passed very pleasantly.

## THE GIRLS SEE PARIS



*Arch of Triumph and Tomb of the Unknown Soldier*

### *Chapter 11*

**N**OT long after Margot and Ruth and Madame Pucelle had returned to Bourmont, there came an opportunity for both girls to visit Paris.

Margot had an aunt and uncle living in Paris, and when Madame Pucelle learned that Private Kenworthy had been granted leave-of-absence to go there, she readily agreed to allow Margot to visit the city with him and Ruth. Paris is some distance from Bourmont, but Margot's mother knew that her daughter would be in good care while she was away from home.

On the day when Private Kenworthy and the two girls arrived in Paris, they walked about for a while, with no special plans. Presently they found themselves in the Place de la Concorde. This part of Paris is much as it was a hundred years ago, though it is considered new compared with the older parts of the city. Several blocks away stands the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile, a magnificent and imposing arch erected more than a hundred years ago to celebrate the victories of the French army.

Across the Place de la Concorde is another famous arch, the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel, built by Napoleon. The visitors thought that this one, with its white marble pillars and large group of bronze horses and men on top, was far more beautiful than the other. Between the two arches runs the fine wide Avenue des Champs-Elysées,

lined on both sides with shade trees. Little brown taxicabs scuttled up and down this avenue, and there were many persons on bicycles. A man with two great big baskets was selling roses and carnations that had probably come all the way from the flower market in Nice.

Margot and Ruth gasped as they watched the flower man, right out in the middle of the avenue, dodging the taxis and bicycles. They wondered if he could possibly get through all that speeding traffic safely, and both girls sighed with relief when he reached the other curb.

Close beside the Arc du Carrousel is a large statue of Lafayette, given to Paris by the children of the United States; and north of it is the Palais du Louvre, one of the great art galleries of the world. To the south lie the famous Tuilleries Gardens. During the day this lovely park is usually full of children with their parents or nurses, for it is a fine place for them to play. In the evenings there is a band or orchestra concert, and the older people come to sit on the benches and listen.

Private Kenworthy told the girls that long ago, when Paris was nothing more than a small settlement on an island in the River Seine, the site of

the Tuileries Gardens was a clay pit, from which the inhabitants got the clay for their pots and dishes.

“I’ll take you over to look at the Seine sometime soon,” he promised, “so that you can see what that island is like now. The buildings on it are among the most interesting and historic in the city—the great Cathedral of Notre Dame is there, and one of the prisons where the French Revolutionists kept their prisoners.”

At this point he noticed that the two girls were whispering together. “What’s up?” he asked.

They smiled and said, “Nothing—only we’re so hungry. Can’t we go somewhere and get something to eat?”

Ruth’s father grinned. “Oh, we can do something about that.” He stopped a passerby and asked for the name of a good place to eat. The man pleasantly directed them to a little restaurant on the Rue de Rivoli, and off they went. Margot and Ruth enjoyed the dainty food, but even more the fun of going to the counter and choosing for themselves the cakes they wanted.

When all three had had a good luncheon they went out on to a street whose sign read *Rue de*

*Castiglione*; and Ruth's father said he remembered having read that a great many persons famous in French history and literature had lived on this street. They passed a number of jewelry shops, whose windows contained such marvelous jewels as the two little girls had never dreamed existed. There were perfume shops, too. As they passed one of these, Ruth begged her father to let them go in—"just to see how good it would smell!" The shop was Coty's, one of the most famous in the world.

To the salesman who came forward to welcome them, Private Kenworthy said that they weren't really customers—"they were just looking."

"And smelling!" Margot added mischievously, smiling up at the man.

"Indeed, you are welcome to look, and to smell, as much as you like," he assured them in perfect English, smiling back at Margot. "Let me show you some of our perfumes," and he held out several tiny bottles, one after the other, for the two girls to sniff at appreciatively.

After they had thanked him and left the shop, Ruth spoke of the pleasant manners of everybody they had talked to in Paris that day.



“Yes,” was Private Kenworthy’s comment. “Most Parisians are polite, the salespeople in the stores especially. Now here we are coming to the celebrated Opera House. This square is the Place del’Opéra. See those people sitting over there at the tables on the sidewalk? That is the Café de la Paix. All over Paris people enjoy eating out in the open. I wonder if we ate too much lunch to have a cool drink here, or some ices? No? Yes? All right—I might know that you two would have *some* room left!”

So they took chairs at one of the little iron tables, ordered some sodas, and proceeded to watch the crowds go by. Private Kenworthy told them that even in peacetime this café was famous for the number of different and interesting sorts of people one could watch from its sidewalk. He said that there was an old story to the effect that if you sat long enough at the Café de la Paix, everybody you knew in the world would come by sooner or later! And now that a war was just over, the scene was even more exciting on account of the many different uniforms to be noted on the various soldiers. Ruth and Margot started to count the different uniforms as they passed, but pretty soon

they had to give it up. "I *can't* count up to a million!" Ruth protested.

The largest number of soldiers, of course, were the French, in their sky-blue uniforms. Now and again the girls identified an officer by the gold braid on his cap. The French "Blue Fellows" wore dark blue uniforms, with knickers instead of trousers, and *bérets* of the same color. The Italians, some short and dark, had on high-crowned caps; others were big, blonde, handsome men with large plumes on the side of their hats. Dark Algerians wore red caps—the travelers had seen some of these at Nice. The British and Canadian uniforms looked much alike. The Scotch and some of the Canadians were picturesque in their kilts, with bare knees, swinging sporrans (a sort of big pocket-book or pouch that hangs from the belt), and Highland caps with ribbons. The Australians had wide felt hats turned up on one side. And there were, of course, any number of American soldiers and officers.

Sometimes a small group of French cadets strolled by, with their baggy, bright-red trousers. At first Ruth thought that the policemen were soldiers, too, for they wore caps much like the

French soldiers, carried long, heavy swords, and had big, bristly moustaches, so that they looked quite fierce. The postmen, too, had bright-colored uniforms.

“But, M’sieur Kenworthy,” begged Margot, “who are those Americans with the red bands around their hats and sleeves?”

“Those,” he replied, “are military police. We call them M. P’s. They can arrest only Americans; but mostly, when our men are lost, they tell them how to get back to their hotels.”

Besides the soldiers, there were many women at the little *café* tables. Some of the people were eating; others were drinking sodas. Inside, an orchestra was playing loudly enough so that those outside could hear the music. Suddenly the orchestra began the *Marseillaise*—the national anthem of France. Everybody immediately jumped to his feet. One American jumped up so quickly that he tipped his little table over, and his food and coffee were spilled all over the sidewalk. Everybody wanted to laugh, of course, but nobody dared to until the music stopped. Then there was a great roar of laughter, the soldier himself joining in it.

As they walked along a boulevard toward

L'Église de la Madeleine, (the Church of the Madeleine) Margot asked her friends to stop a moment. A woman and her little daughter had a push cart full of fruit, which they were offering for sale to the passersby. And, in the meantime, while business was dull, the child was preparing a meal over a little charcoal stove on the curb.

"A picnic, right in the middle of Paris!" Ruth's father exclaimed.

In front of the Madeleine, he hailed a "June bug," as the American soldiers called the little taxis, and directed the driver to take them through the boulevards and the Bois de Boulogne. After that, they were to go to the house of Margot's aunt, where the girls were to stay.

It is not surprising that both girls thought the Bois the most wonderful place they had ever seen. In this great park are over two thousand acres of trees, lawns, lakes with rowboats on them, and beautiful drives. Taxicabs, handsome carriages, and private automobiles are everywhere. The River Seine flows along one side of the Bois, and the girls noted several big ferry-boats. Some of the lakes are dotted with little islands; one of the islands has a restaurant on it. In fact, there are

several restaurants in the park, where people may sit out under the trees and have luncheon or dinner.

And children—children everywhere in the Bois! Nowhere else in the world can one see sweeter, more prettily dressed, or happier children; or nowhere else can they enjoy themselves more. And such a strange assortment of nurses! They come not only from all over France, but from other countries, too; while each seems to prefer her native costume.

While in the park, Margot and Ruth rode in a little carriage drawn by goats. Then they rode little donkeys, much like those at Mentone; but, as Margot said, "Their ears are not so floppy!" There was a merry-go-round, too, and a puppet show, and a toy shop, and a lot of other things that the girls did not have time to see. How they did hate to leave the Bois! But Private Kenworthy warned them that it was getting late and that they must be off in another taxi to hunt up Margot's aunt.

Not very long after leaving the Bois, the taxicab drew up at the curb in front of a florist's shop. Private Kenworthy thought there must be some mistake.



A neatly uniformed *concierge* came forward smiling, removed his cap, opened the cab door, and asked, “*Que voulez-vous, Monsieur?*”

The soldier asked whether this was where Madame Pichaud lived.

“*Oui, oui, M’sieur—au troisième!*” the man replied, with a gesture up toward the fourth floor.

They went inside and took the elevator, Private Kenworthy explaining to Ruth, on the way up, why the concierge had told them the third floor when really they were going to the fourth.

“You see,” he said, “the French do not use the same system that we do for naming the different floors of a house. What we call the first floor, they call the *rez-de-chaussée*. Then they use the term ‘first floor’ for the one above that—what we call ‘second floor,’ and so forth. So when he told us that Margot’s aunt lives *au troisième*, I knew he meant the fourth floor. Margot understands, already, of course. Indeed, if she ever comes over to our country, Ruth, we’ll have to explain it all backwards to her!”

“Daddy, why did you look surprised when the taxi-man stopped here?”

“Oh, it was just that I hadn’t realized that the



Pichauds lived in an apartment house. I was expecting to find them in a house of their own—that's all."

Monsieur and Madame Pichaud were expecting Margot and her American friends and made them welcome at once. The evening meal was ready, and they were led into the small dining room, where the table was lighted only with candles. How prettily the glass and silverware glistened in the flickering candle-light! It was quite new to Ruth. How happy they all were! And how they enjoyed the home-cooked meal!

After dinner Madame led the way into the little *salon*, where she now turned on the electric lights. Margot and Ruth looked about the room wonderingly. On one side of it was a very old, hand-carved *canapé*, or sofa, covered with dark green material. Green upholstered chairs and small tables were scattered about. Nearly every table had a vase of flowers. Ruth went to smell some of them, only to discover that they were all made of paper, but so natural that she did not realize that they were imitation until she touched and smelled them!

In one corner was an interesting object—a huge,

green-glazed box; Margot explained that it was a stove. A large Brussels rug covered the center of the floor, with several small braided rugs scattered about. There were two mirrors on the walls. They, too, were decorated with paper flowers. The large windows were set deeply in the thick wall; like doors they opened outward on hinges.

Just outside of each was a box with flowers growing in it. In the winter another set of windows would be put up on the outside, with bags of straw laid between, to keep out the cold. But now the extra ones were down and packed away. Hand-crocheted curtains hung at these windows, with heavy silk draperies drawn aside to allow the light to enter during the day.

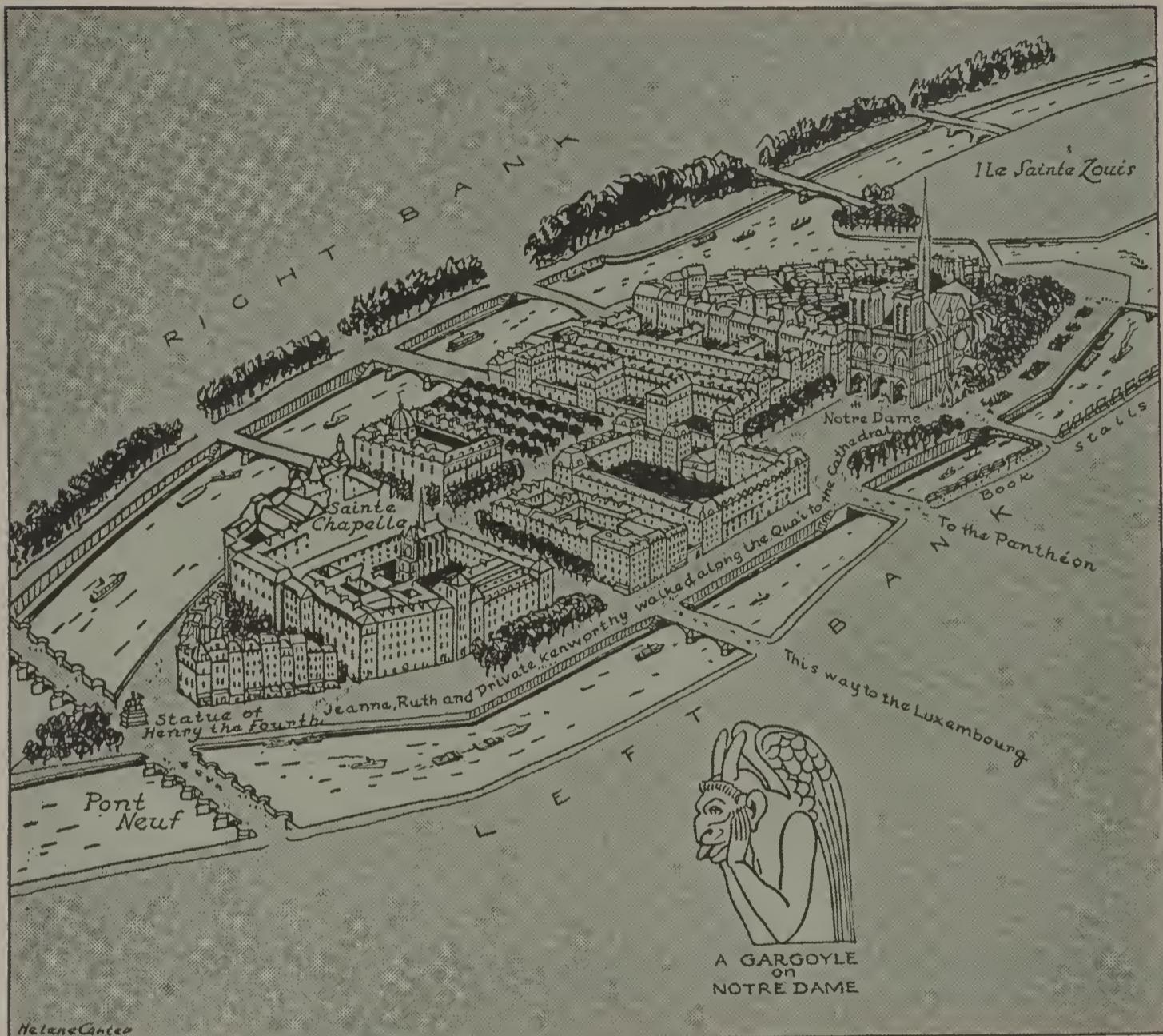
Madame suggested a game of *tape*, which was played with a special kind of cards and was a little like our American game of "Authors." Later, when the little group became tired of *tape*, Madame brought checkers, and they played another game called *tric-trac*. And so the evening passed until Madame thought it was time for the girls to go to bed. So Private Kenworthy bade them all goodnight and went to his hotel.

Madame took the girls to their bedroom. The



bed was very high and large, with a feather mattress, many snowy covers, and a beautifully embroidered spread. Over the bed was a great canopy that Ruth called a "tent." The girls undressed, went to bed, and fell asleep speculating on the contents of the massive, hand-carved chest against the wall. Margot explained that this had been her aunt's "hope-chest," handed down through several generations, from mother to daughter.

## SIGHT SEEING AND SHOPPING IN PARIS



*The Île de la Cité in the Seine*

### *Chapter 12*

THE next day was Sunday. In the morning Margot went to mass with her aunt and uncle, while Ruth and her father hunted up an American

church. The latter part of the day was to be devoted—by the three visitors—to a brief visit to the Île de la Cité in the Seine and a sight of the great cathedral of Notre Dame, the most famous building on that island.

In the afternoon, therefore, the two girls, with Private Kenworthy, crossed by the Pont Neuf (New Bridge) to the point where it joins the island, stopped for a moment to look at the statue of France's beloved king, Henry the Fourth (of Navarre) and then went around to look at the front of the cathedral. Meanwhile their friend was telling the girls what he had read about Notre Dame; how it had been begun in the thirteenth century, on the site of an earlier Christian church; and how, during some alterations made five hundred years later, there had been found beneath its high altar the remains of an ancient pagan shrine that had occupied the same spot a thousand years before; showing that from the earliest times this had been a place of worship. In the present cathedral, many French kings and queens were married, were crowned, and came to give thanks for victories. It has been the scene of some of the most important events in French history.

From the outside it is beautiful and imposing. The three stopped for a few moments to gaze up at the great façade with awe and admiration. It was so high that it made the girls feel as though they had shrunk to the size of ants. They gazed up at the two big, square towers, the stone balcony, and the curious gargoyles of carved stone, part animal and part bird.

But how much greater was their astonishment when they entered the cathedral! Its vast size impressed them first. It seemed dark as they came in from the bright sunshine, until their eyes got used to the dimness. The air was fragrant with incense. Candles lighted distant corners. Through the great, gorgeous windows of stained glass, rays of sunlight cut across the dark interior, chasing the shadows from the aisles and recesses and making the huge stone columns seem incredibly tall. For a little while the three wandered about the main body of the church, and then asked their way to the Treasury—the room where the sacred relics are kept. Margot, especially, wanted to see these things, since she already knew something about them.

The guide whom they found in the Treasury

told them how that early and beloved King Louis the Ninth—Saint Louis—had brought home from the Holy Land what he and many others of his day thought to be the crown of thorns that Christ was made to wear, some pieces of the Cross, and one of the nails from it. He built a church especially to hold these relics—Sainte Chapelle, also on the island—but they were later moved to Notre Dame; and here they are visited by thousands of devout persons who believe them to be genuine.

Private Kenworthy asked the guide about the possibility of their climbing to the summit of the cathedral, to see the view of Paris from there. But when he and the girls were told that they would have to go up three hundred and ninety-seven spiral steps, they hastily decided that they “didn’t have time for that today!” And they really didn’t have much time, since they had taken so long to look at the interior of the cathedral.

Now they wanted to see the Luxembourg Gardens, to which a bus took them through the bright afternoon sunshine. Here, especially on Sunday, one sees students from all over the world, who are in Paris attending the art schools and the University. Here, too, is one of the most famous of French

art galleries—the Luxembourg, containing the work of artists of our own day; older works being kept in the Louvre. But the gallery was so crowded when the American and the two girls tried to get in that he said they had better wait until another day to see the pictures there.

After they had walked about the Gardens and looked at the trees, flowers, and the big stone lions, until Margot and Ruth were satisfied, he led the way to a nearby restaurant, where they could still see the fountain and pool. There were children here, too, but most of them were barefooted, with baskets of flowers to sell. Private Kenworthy bought small bunches of flowers from one of them, and remembering the little flower girl at Nice, he gave this little flower seller an extra franc, which surprised her greatly.

He said he loved to loaf in the Paris parks, because everybody was so happy in them. Here he could forget, for a while, that he would have to leave Paris soon, go back to his company, and to army life.

The next day found the three in the Palais Royal Gardens. These gardens are much like the other Paris parks—great expanses of green grass, de-

lightful flowers, and pretty children. The Palais Royal was built in the seventeenth century by a great Churchman, Cardinal Richelieu. The king of France at the time was Louis the Thirteenth, but its real ruler was the mighty Cardinal who lived in this magnificent palace. Later he presented it to the King; now it is used by the French Government.

After lunch the soldier hailed a taxicab for their trip to the Hôtel de Ville—which isn't a hotel at all, but the city hall of Paris, and a very handsome building whose paintings and statues he wanted the girls to see.

When they came out, a little brown taxicab was at hand, and the driver was asked to take them past the Trocadéro with the big stone bull. They drove along the River Seine, past the big newspaper offices, theatres, and cafés, to the Musée Grévin. This proved to be a museum, but different from any that the girls had ever heard of before. It was full of wax-work figures. They thought it great fun. There were wax figures of some of the best-known people in history, and also of notable men in the World War. The one of General Pershing looked so exactly like the Gen-

eral, and so alive, that the soldier said he felt as though he should salute! There were several scenes from the life of Napoleon, and scenes from the French Revolution. These were so terrible that they made the girls shudder. When they had seen all that they wanted to see in the museum, it was time to go home.

The next morning was rainy, so it was suggested that a short tour of the Louvre would be best. By the time they arrived there, however, the rain was over. Private Kenworthy hired a guide to show them only the most important things, because he knew that young girls are not much interested in so many paintings and statues. They could not possibly see everything anyway, for there are miles and miles of galleries in the Louvre; it would probably take months to see everything. The guide, of course, knew where the most important things were.

First he led them to the Venus de Milo, probably the most famous statue in all the world, and certainly one of the Louvre's priceless treasures. This marble statue of Venus—called “of Milo” or “of Melos”—was found in a pile of rubbish on the island of Melos in the Aegean Sea in 1820, and



was given to the King of France, who in turn presented it to the Louvre. Unhappily, the destructive work of the centuries has robbed the lovely figure of its arms, but it remains still one of the most beautiful things left to us by the beauty-loving Greeks of ancient times.

Another celebrated statue that was shown to them was the Winged Victory—the huge and impressive figure of her whom the Greeks called *Nike*, Victory, surging forward amid her floating draperies, the very spirit of triumph and power. During the ages since this statue was carved, it has been broken, like the Venus; there are no arms, and no head, but the great outstretched wings are fortunately intact.

Among the celebrated paintings that they were shown were the portrait of "Mona Lisa" by Leonardo da Vinci and "The Angelus" by Millet. They saw many others that they wanted to stop and look at; but both girls were pretty tired by this time, and so was Private Kenworthy, so they decided to leave the Louvre.

Out they went into the Place du Carrousel, with its big arch and its statue of Lafayette. Ruth's father told the girls that, just about where they

were standing then, the west wall of Paris used to rise, many centuries ago; for Paris was long a walled city, defended by fortifications and soldiers.

Then he took them down some steps at a street corner, saying that they were going to ride on the "Métro." Ruth couldn't imagine what that meant, but she soon understood. Private Kenworthy went to a window and bought three tickets. Then a fast electric train came along, all three stepped aboard quickly, and the train whizzed on again. This was part of the Paris subway system—one of the best in the world. The French name for it is the *Métro*—short for *Métropolitain*. In some places the tracks are at two levels, and in at least one place there are three different levels.

When they came up into the sunlight again, they were in the Place de la Bastille, where a terrible prison by that name used to stand. The exact site of the old Bastille is marked with white lines on the pavement. Every child in France knows the story of the fall of the Bastille, on July 14, 1789, at the beginning of the French Revolution. The French celebrate Bastille Day much as the people of the United States celebrate Independence Day. Some of the old stones that were

once in the Bastille have been used to build the bridge that crosses the River Seine from the Place de la Concorde.

After their ride on the *Métro*, the girls thought they would like to walk a bit. They soon came to a street full of expensive shops, the Rue Saint-Honoré. Ruth's father said that they might "window shop" for a while, but when Margot saw a toy store whose window was full of "just the loveliest dolls in the whole world," she insisted on going in. But alas! everything was so expensive that the girls left without buying anything. But both of them had heard of another store they wanted to see—the great Magasins du Louvre. This has nothing to do with the famous art gallery; it is one of Paris's largest department stores. It was not very far, so they decided to walk. Her aunt had told Margot, whose gloves had been spoiled in the rain-storm at Monte Carlo, that this store was an excellent place to buy kid gloves; so Private Kenworthy looked in his guidebook, and led the way.

When they arrived at the store, they entered the building and squeezed through the crowds that were coming and going. Inside, while the girls were choosing their gloves, Ruth happened to

glance down the long aisle and see the children's dress department. That settled it! To both of them, new gloves suggested new dresses, especially after they spied the pretty assortment that was displayed. So, much against his will Ruth's father was dragged along between well-filled counters to where the daintiest of organdy frocks were shown them by a good-natured saleswoman. The girls were enraptured.

"I didn't know there were so many pretty clothes in the whole world!" Ruth exclaimed.

Her father smiled indulgently while the excited girls fairly flew from one counter to another. "This is their first trip to Paris," he told the salesgirl, "and they're having fun just seeing everything."

"Let them look," she replied in English. "I like to see children enjoy themselves. Girls love to see pretty things." And she added, "The dolls are right down this aisle."

There was no stopping the girls now! Off they trotted in the direction of the dolls. For what girl could be close to a display of beautiful Parisian dolls and not want to see them? Little dolls, big dolls, and medium-sized dolls—in show-cases, on counters, and on shelves—oceans of them! Rubber

dolls that squeaked, baby dolls that said "*Maman*," dolls that went to sleep, and dolls that walked. Dolls in long baby clothes, in short play frocks, in bathing suits, and even in evening gowns! Ruth, who had visited the biggest stores in New York, said she had never seen so many wonderful dolls before in her life.

Private Kenworthy had been trying to study his guide-book; but Ruth would call, "Oh, Daddy, *look* at this one!" and then Margot would explode, "Isn't this one the very sweetest doll you ever saw, M'sieur Kenworthy!"

"Daddy, please look at this tiny doll in the cradle!" from Ruth.

"And see this one in the pink sweater and white skirt!" Margot insisted.

The guidebook had to go back into his pocket. Private Kenworthy bought each of them a baby doll that cried and closed its eyes. Then he looked at the watch on his wrist, and asked in a hungry tone, "When do we eat?"—a popular question among the American soldiers.

"I think I am hungry enough to eat now," smiled Margot, turning reluctantly from the fascinating show and cuddling her new doll in her arms.

Ruth agreed that she, too, could eat something. So with one more regretful look behind them they prepared to leave the store.

“I’ve just found directions to another café, girls. The guidebook tells some interesting facts about it. We can lunch there, and I’ll tell you about it while we eat. We are seeing as many interesting restaurants as we can. And, by the way, do you know,” he added as they left the store, “do you know that we are very near the spot where Joan of Arc was captured by the Burgundians?”

Back they went to the Rue Saint-Honoré, to the Café de la Régence.

“Some of the greatest men in French history have eaten here,” he announced after they were seated at the small square table, “and some of the worst, too. That’s an interesting thing about Paris cafés—so many of them have histories. For instance, Napoleon used to come here to eat and play chess; other famous men, too. There is a story that says that Robespierre—he was a leader in the French Revolution—was once asked by a handsome young stranger to play chess here. Robespierre, being a great lover of the game, inquired what the winner’s prize would be. The

stranger replied, 'The life of a man!' Robespierre agreed. His opponent won the game of chess, and the man's life was saved. But the young stranger was a girl in man's clothing, and she had played to save the life of her sweetheart!"

"Oh, I'm so glad she won!" Margot and Ruth exclaimed together.

After lunch he called another cab, and said to the driver, "To the Invalides, please."

When the party alighted from their cab they saw a high, iron-barred fence. They went through the gateway between white stone posts and were facing the two-story brown building with its tall, round, spired tower. The most interesting thing about the Invalides is that it contains the ashes of Napoleon (directly under the great dome). It was here that on the eighth day of February, 1800, Napoleon ordered services held to mourn the death of George Washington, for whom all the officers in the French Army wore mourning. It was here, too, that Napoleon found his own last resting place. In the main, and older, part of the building is the Église Saint Louis, or Church of Saint Louis, and a military and historical museum.

The girls saw here the dining-car in which the

Armistice had been signed on November 11 of the year before—1918. Margot was greatly interested in the things that used to belong to Napoleon; while Ruth and her father spent some time looking at the ancient armor and weapons. By this time, however, all of them were tired, and the girls welcomed Private Kenworthy's suggestion that they must be going back to dinner at Madame Pichaud's.

## IN WHICH THEY GO TO VINCENNES



*They took the steamer back*



### *Chapter 13*

THE following morning Private Kenworthy remembered that he had promised to take Margot and Ruth to the Luxembourg Museum before they left Paris. So out they went once more. All of the



pictures and statues in the Luxemburg are by living, or recently living, painters and sculptors. This Museum is not large, so the three soon found themselves out in the sunshine again.

Then to the Panthéon, another art gallery, which both girls enjoyed much more, because so many of the paintings show scenes from French history. The Panthéon is built upon a hill, and has a beautiful, tall dome and a spire. The lower part of the dome is surrounded by a circle of white pillars. The front of the building has massive pillars that reach to the roof. The Panthéon was originally built as a church, in honor of Sainte Geneviève. "Seeing these paintings and taking home the post card pictures of them will be a big help to me in studying my history," Margot said.

"Who was Sainte Geneviève?" Ruth wanted to know.

"Sainte Geneviève," her father replied, "became a nun when she was very young. She lived nearly fourteen hundred years ago, having been born in the year 422. The legend tells how, when the people who lived here then—the Franks, they were called—were threatened with invasion, Geneviève led them to victory. The invading enemy was the im-

mense tribe of Huns who were coming across Europe from their homeland in Asia, laying waste all of central Europe under the commands of the fierce Attila, their leader.

“But when they reached the land of the Franks, Geneviève—according to the story—gathered the people of this little town on the Seine, got them to arm themselves with bows and arrows, clubs, knives, sickles tied to poles, and all sorts of other crude weapons. Then she led them against Attila’s Huns and drove them out of France.”

Here in the Panthéon they saw scenes from the life of Sainte Geneviève painted on the walls. Another of these mural paintings shows Attila with part of his army.

“Who was Clovis?” asked Margot, after she had seen a marble statue of him, and a painting of his baptism.

“Clovis,” her big friend responded, “was one of the early kings of the Franks. His wife, Clotilde, had been converted to Christianity and, of course, was anxious that her husband should be a Christian, too. But Clovis still held to the old pagan religion of the country. Then there came a day when he was getting ready for a big battle with

the Romans, and he was afraid that he might not win. So he told Clotilde that if he won the battle he, too, would become a Christian. Clotilde then prayed for his success, and her prayers were answered—Clovis won the battle.

“He kept his promise and was baptized on Christmas Day in 495, by the bishop. Then, of course, Clotilde was happy. Clovis was so earnest in his newly adopted religion that he ordered all of his three thousand soldiers, and all of their wives and children, to be baptized, too. That is how France became a Christian nation.”

“What did you say his wife’s name was, M’sieur Kenworthy?” Margot asked.

“Clotilde.”

“Clotilde,” Margot repeated. “I shall name my new doll Clotilde.”

“Well,” laughed her escort, “she should be a very good doll, with that name. And here,” he said, “is a picture of the crowning of Charlemagne, on Christmas Day, 800. He was called by some ‘The Emperor of the World,’ although, of course, he was only Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire—which in those days was all of civilized Europe. Charlemagne had a great army, and liked war. He was



very powerful, and every time he captured any prisoners, he ordered his soldiers to drive them down into a river. Then his soldiers waded out among the captives and ducked their heads under the water. That was Charlemagne's way of baptizing them."

The three looked around at the murals and statues of Saint Louis, Joan of Arc, and other great French men and women that are to be seen. Then they went out again into the fresh air and sunshine.

In his useful guidebook Private Kenworthy had learned that it was possible to find the ruins of an old Roman arena, a relic of the centuries when Paris was a Roman colony. And this was the next thing on his program for the girls. They all agreed that the arena was probably much better in ruins, since it had been the scene of so much cruelty. For the Romans, spectacles and fights took the place of our moving pictures and plays—contests in the arena between strong men called gladiators, or between gladiators and lions or merely wild animals; and the more fierce and brutal the fights were, the more the Romans loved them.

Now Ruth's father called a passing *fiacre*, which

is a horse-drawn cab, and directed the driver to take them to the Square du Temple.

“This is where the big, tall castle of the Knights Templar used to stand,” he said. “The Knights of the Temple were a large and powerful order—a sort of association—during the Middle Ages, banded together in the first place to care for the sick, wounded, and disabled. The order was founded in the Holy Land during either the First or the Second Crusade; and after the Second Crusade—in 1148—a number of knights came to Paris and built the Temple of the order on this spot. They owned several hundred acres here, and it was at that time outside of the walled limits of the city.” He stopped, noticing that Ruth had a question ready.

“What were the Crusades?” she asked.

“Well, to explain them I’ll have to begin pretty far back. The Holy Land—Palestine—where Christ lived, had for a long time been in the hands of the pagan Saracens, and the Christian people in Europe thought that this was wrong; it ought to be owned by Christians who would reverence the places associated with Christ’s life. So in 1096 men went about preaching the need of a great

army to go to the Holy Land and take it from the Saracens. The kings and lords and knights, as well as the people themselves, got very enthusiastic and started out on the First Crusade. The name comes from the cross that each Crusader wore on his sleeve. Most of the Crusades were unsuccessful; there were nine of them, the last one being led by Saint Louis of France. And it was during one of the early expeditions that some of the knights banded together to take care of the wounded Crusaders. Then afterwards, the Knights of the Temple had their building here. Now we are going to take a *Métro* train again, to go to the Bois de Vincennes."

*Bois*, of course, means "wood," but in Paris it also means a park. Private Kenworthy had read in his guidebook of a cozy little place to eat there. Sure enough, beside the lake they found a most delightful restaurant. The three sat down in one of the little rustic summer houses, all alone except for the friendly ducks that came waddling in single file, quacking and wagging their pointed tails, to beg for crumbs. The girls had great fun feeding them.

In the Bois de Vincennes there are over two

thousand acres of land, with a lake, and two islands. Within the grounds stands a large building or château. There is a big prison attached to it, and a beautiful old chapel.

Saint Louis, King Louis the Ninth, who was a very good and kind king, used to sit here in the shade of an old oak tree to listen to the troubles and complaints of his people. Margot and Ruth walked past the pyramid that marks the spot where the King's Oak used to stand. Then they crossed a big drill-ground, toward where the River Marne meets the Seine.

Margot thought it would be good sport to take the steamer back. So they went aboard the little double-decked boat. The trip was delightful. The banks of the Seine are fascinating, and their route took them past the Trocadéro, the Eiffel Tower, the great Ferris Wheel, and other interesting places that they enjoyed looking at on their way home.

# VERSAILLES—WHERE HISTORY HAS BEEN MADE



*The beautiful gardens of Versailles*



## *Chapter 14*

HE next morning the three went aboard an electric train at the Gare des Invalides, one of the most famous railway stations of Paris, and



they were at Versailles in about half an hour. The town of Versailles was first built by King Louis XIII in the seventeenth century, and was enlarged by Louis XIV to dazzle the world with its splendor, and to attract all the powerful nobles of France to him for political reasons. This pleasure-loving king wanted to be the greatest and wealthiest monarch in the whole world. And the palace is larger than any building that Americans are likely to see in their own country. It is one of the most beautiful of all royal palaces in Europe.

Of course, Ruth's father and the two girls could not begin to see all the rooms in the palace, or even all the things that there were to marvel at in the rooms they did see. But they managed to walk through—or at least peep at—some of the apartments where kings and queens had lived, an opera hall and a chapel and a billiard room, an indoor tennis court, ball room, a throne room, and several art galleries.

One place Private Kenworthy especially wanted them to see—the great Hall of Mirrors, because it had only a few weeks before been the scene of the signing of the peace treaty that ended the War. In this same room, nearly fifty years before, there

had been another historic event; when the Prussians had captured Paris during the Franco-Prussian War.

It was here that the great German chancellor Bismarck had met the officials of the defeated French and had announced the formation of the new German Empire. The same place was chosen, early in 1919, for the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, which ended the World War; so that Ruth and her father saw where President Wilson and other great men had sat during the important proceedings.

Then they went out to walk around the beautiful gardens of Versailles, with their lawns, flower beds, walks, drives, fountains, and statues. After lunch at a little restaurant, they took the train back to Paris to the Trocadéro, another art gallery. The best place to view it from is under the Eiffel Tower. The Trocadéro is a round building, with two slim, square towers. In front of it is a fountain and pool, and a big stone statue of a bull. Margot said that the building and the grounds were very pretty, but that she had seen so many art museums in Paris that by now she would rather see something else for a change! So Private Ken-

worthy showed her the big statue of George Washington on his horse,—the statue given to Paris by the women of the United States.

Near here, they had a closer view of the “Great Wheel”—the biggest Ferris Wheel in the world; but they were too busy, today, to bother with that. There was something else more important—the Eiffel Tower.

This tower can be seen from all over Paris, for it is 984 feet high—at one time the tallest structure in the world. (It has, of course, by now been surpassed, in our own country, by both the Chrysler and the Empire State buildings in New York City. The latter building is 1,250 feet high.) Both of the girls wanted to go to the top of it, and Ruth’s father said they could. There are stairways and elevators, or lifts, by which to reach the top. The first landing is 190 feet from the ground, and here there is a restaurant and a theatre. It was now getting late in the afternoon, so the friends stopped in the restaurant for sandwiches. The second landing or platform is 380 feet from the ground. Here there are several stores and a barber shop. This landing also contains a huge clock which is lighted at night. The large steel pillars

of the tower rise closer and closer together, until at the top they meet. About halfway between the second landing and the top is a platform on which to stand while viewing Paris. Under the big double lantern, which is at the very top, is another smaller floor with more shops, and a glassed-in balcony. Private Kenworthy had to pay ten francs (about two dollars at that time) for their ride on the lift to the top; though it would have cost just as much if they had walked up.

What a wonderful view they had from the glass-enclosed platform! More than fifty miles in every direction, for it was a clear day. Paris looked like a great park spread out below, with all its trees, monuments, arches, and buildings. At first, the great height made the girls feel dizzy, but they soon became used to it, and were sorry to have to come down to the ground again.

And so the days of their Paris visit sped by, with new sights to interest the girls every day, until there came a morning when Private Kenworthy greeted them with, "Well girls, this is our last day in Paris. What would you most like to see?"

"Oh, M'sieur Kenworthy," Margot exclaimed, "isn't it too bad that we have to leave?" Though—"



she added, "I *shall* be glad to see Mother again."

"Yes, I'll be sorry to say good-bye to Paris, myself. But now, how would you like to see the Panthéon de la Guerre?"\* he asked.

"Oh yes," she replied, "my uncle told me that we should see that, but I forgot it."

For some reason the Panthéon de la Guerre was not in his guidebook. But Margot's aunt said it was at 148 Rue de l'Université, and told them which *Métro* line to take.

The Panthéon de la Guerre is housed in a perfectly round building, with no windows; all the light comes through the glass roof. The inside wall contains just one continuous painting, or mural, of the Great War. It pictures the famous battles, the most important cities and towns, and the roads leading to them; the various branches of the armies and navies of the Allies; the best-known of the Allied leaders, including those who took part in the Peace Conference at Versailles. In fact, every person and every event of importance connected with the Great War is in the picture. Fortunately, at the time when he and the girls were there, they had the place all to themselves

---

\*The Panthéon de la Guerre was later exhibited at other places. It was shown at A Century of Progress Exhibition, Chicago—1933 and 1934.

and could study the picture as much as they wished. Both girls were greatly interested and asked many questions, which he did his best to answer. Altogether, when they returned to Madame Pichaud's in the afternoon, they decided that they had spent their last day in Paris very profitably.

The next morning, after bidding farewell to Margot's hospitable relatives and to Paris, they took the train for Bourmont, Private Kenworthy saying as they left the city behind them: "Well, this is called the 'Capital of the World,' and I think it deserves the title. Paris must be the most beautiful big city on earth, and the most interesting one to live in. How many wonderful and historic buildings and spots we three have seen! And there are a lot that we did *not* see, you know. Then, too, there are other places that will not interest you until you are older. I hope that you both can go back to Paris again some time, don't you?"

"Yes, and with you, too, M'sieur Kenworthy," Margot answered.

"I wish that every girl, and boy, too, in the United States could come to France, and see Paris," Ruth declared.

## RUTH AND MARGOT VISIT VOID



*Margot and Ruth in Void*

### *Chapter 15*



SHORTLY after his return to Bourmont from the Paris vacation, Private Kenworthy was transferred for duty to a prisoner-of-war camp in Void, Department of Meuse. Margot's eyes filled

when he told the girls that he must go, and big, salty tears trickled down Ruth's pink cheeks. Again he had decided to leave her with Madame Pucelle at Bourmont. But he dug down into his big pocket, pulled out a map of France, unfolded it, and showed them that he was really not going far, after all.

"And I shall return to Bourmont as often as I can get a pass, girls," he told them.

"Please write to us often, Daddy."

"I will, Ruth."

The morning that Private Kenworthy was to leave, Margot walked with Ruth down the long, steep Bourmont hill to the camp, to bring him a photograph that they had had taken together in St. Thibault, a surprise farewell gift.

"Thank you, so much, girls," he exclaimed, gazing at the small photograph. "I shall keep it always, and love it, too."

Captain Brown and Private Kenworthy loaded their baggage into a light army truck. The captain had a trunk, a fat bed-roll, and a small roll. The private had his pack and barrack-bag. They climbed into the back of a big ambulance, Private Kenworthy waved good-bye to Margot, Ruth,



and the soldiers, and away he went, in a cloud of dust.

True to his promise, Ruth's father wrote often and made several trips to Bourmont to see them. Madame Pucelle kept a room always ready for him. By this time he was quite used to French beds, though two years before they had seemed very queer to him. This one at Madame Pucelle's was so high that he had to climb into it; and then he sank way down, almost out of sight. There were two big, thick, soft feather mattresses on it, besides several quilts. In the summer, one is supposed to sleep on top of both mattresses, but in the winter one crawls between them.

But one thing did surprise him, on his Bourmont visits—the clean night shirt and slippers laid out ready for him. Soldiers on duty had no time for night shirts or pajamas, for when one must dress in five minutes, especially with wrap leggings, one must hurry; but on these visits to Bourmont he had plenty of time, so he wore the night shirt. Each night he would open the big windows, blow out the candle, climb up into the big high bed, sink down—and sleep!

Margot and Ruth had a bed downstairs in the

living room, but he would not have known it was there if Margot had not shown him. She opened a cupboard, pulled down a folding shelf, and—there was a neat little bed, all ready to crawl into.

Private Kenworthy's visits to Ruth were often due to the kindness of that Captain Brown whom the two girls had met when Ruth's father went off to Void. Captain Brown, too, had friends in Bourmont, and when he came to visit them he would bring Private Kenworthy with him. All this led to still another adventure for the two girls.

One day, when Captain Brown was coming to Bourmont he ordered an ambulance for the trip, because he had official business in Bourmont anyway, and told Private Kenworthy to come along. The two men went directly to Madame Pucelle's house and Captain Brown was introduced to her and once again met the two little girls. Ruth's father was full of a new idea—he wanted to have Ruth return to Void with him, to see what life in a military camp was like; and he asked whether Margot might come with her.

Madame Pucelle thought it was a fine idea, but she wanted to know where the girls would stay. At that, Captain Brown spoke up and said that

there was room in the house of some French people with whom he was living, and that the girls would be well taken care of. So it was settled, and the party started off for Void.

It was only a few hours' drive, for the French roads are good. On the way, Margot pointed out to Captain Brown the fine old castle that she and Private Kenworthy had visited. She told the captain about the prince, and how kind he had been to them. As they passed through Domrémy, they stopped, and all four of them visited the house of Joan of Arc, and the old church, bought some post-card pictures, and hurried on again.

Ruth was very glad to see the place her father had told her so much about. When they arrived in Void it was dark, so the Captain took Margot and Ruth to supper with him, and said that they must go to bed directly afterwards.

Private Kenworthy and his "buddy," Corporal Bob Isben, being the only medical men in camp besides Captain Brown, were free from most of the camp rules. They got up later than the other men, cooked their own breakfasts, and (what was more important) chose their own food—usually from the officers' supplies. So, the following morning,

early, Ruth's father had a little quiet talk with his friend, the mess-sergeant. Then he called for the girls. They were ready; and he proudly led them to the camp kitchen.

The officers' table had been freshly scoured—for the officers had already eaten—and was as clean as a new rolling-pin. Two white plates, cups, and saucers, knives, forks, and spoons, were at one end of the table. Chairs carefully covered with clean cooks' aprons made it plain that the places were set for the girls. Bob was waiting for them. He, too, had known Margot and Ruth at Bourmont, and was glad to see them again.

Bob already had a pot of hot chocolate ready. Both men had their own mess-kits (oval aluminum containers that closed up, with knife, fork, and spoon inside, and handle folded over). To open a mess-kit, you banged its edge on the corner of the stove. The things inside jangled and clattered and made a lot of noise, but nobody paid any attention.

The men filled their mess-cups (strange-looking cups that just fitted over the bottoms of their canteens) with coffee, and set them on the stove to heat. Then four big, thick, juicy pork chops went onto the stove to broil, and several slices of good

white bread to toast. Private Kenworthy put a can of condensed milk, sugar, and butter on the table, and they were ready to eat.

“Well, Margot,” said Ruth’s father, “this is not so good as your mother would give us if we were in Bourmont, but it is a lot better than most of the soldiers are getting.”

“But this is such *fun!*” exclaimed Margot. “And it is good, really! What do the other soldiers have for their breakfast?”

Here Bob spoke up. “Cold, greasy bacon, poor coffee, and phonograph records,” he said.

“Phonograph records?” Margot was puzzled.

“Well, of course,” he admitted, “not real phonograph records, but they might as well be when they make those pancakes so tough we can’t eat them. Oh yes, and we have prunes, too!”

“And what do they have at noon?” Ruth questioned.

“Well,” Bob replied, “usually canned corned beef or goldfish, all cooked up to make it look like something that it isn’t.”

“Goldfish!” gasped Ruth.

“Bob means canned salmon,” her father said, grinning.

“Oh, and what do they have at night?” she wanted to know.

“Well,” said Bob, “if they had corned beef at noon, they have goldfish at night; but if they had goldfish at noon, they have corned beef at night—and maybe beans, and, of course, plenty of potatoes, bread, and coffee. No so bad—the first ten years are said to be the hardest.”

“Who makes the rounds this morning, Bob?” asked Kenworthy.

“You’re supposed to,” Bob replied, “but if you have something planned with the girls, I’ll be glad to take your place.”

“No, thanks, Bob; I think the Captain will allow them to go along with us.” And turning, he asked, “How would you like to go through the prison stockade with us on inspection and sick-call this morning, girls?”

“But do you mean that we are to go near those terrible *Boches*?” Margot exclaimed anxiously.

“These *Boches* are not a bit terrible, Margot,” he replied. “These men are German prisoners, but they are not different from the rest of us, you will find. Bob and I have a German boy who comes over every morning to make up our bunks and



shine our shoes. A German tailor made these breeches for me, another put this design on this match-box; another made me a fine walking-stick; and sometimes when I get hungry, I go to the German mess-sergeant, and he gives me a big piece of coffee cake. Anybody that can make such good food just *can't* be bad!

“Really, Margot, they are not bad men. They had to be soldiers, and go to war, because the Kaiser made them do it. But most of them didn’t want to fight and hurt people any more than the French did, or the British, or the Americans.”

He led the way back to the house, to call for the Captain. He made a brisk salute, bringing his heels together with a click, and the edge of the fingers of his right hand to his right eyebrow, his left hand held stiffly at his side. He was always very formal while on duty.

“Private Kenworthy reporting for duty, sir, and may I take Margot and Ruth with us on inspection?”

“They may go, if they will not be afraid of the prisoners,” the Captain replied, smiling.

“I’ve told the girls that the Germans would not hurt them, sir.”

The Captain led the way. A guard saluted, lowered his rifle, and unlocked the big gate to let them through. Margot shivered, and clung closely to her big friend, but Ruth was sure it was all right —her father was along! Just before the Captain came to each group of prisoners, Private Kenworthy cried hoarsely, “Attention!”

The prisoners straightened up, clicked their heels together, clapped their hands to their sides, and grunted loudly as they threw out their chests. This was the German manner of coming to attention when an officer passed. Most of these prisoners were dressed in their own German uniforms. These were of greenish gray wool, with heavy, knee-high boots and little round caps. The German corporals and sergeants had short visors on their caps; the privates’ caps were without visors. Each cap had a little round colored button on the front of it. Many of these men wore on their chests the Iron Cross the German medal for bravery; it is a black Maltese cross of iron hanging from a short, black ribbon. Those who had lost their clothes, or whose clothes had worn out, were dressed in American uniforms, with a big P. W. (Prisoner of War) painted on the back of their

coats with white paint. Some who could afford it had had cloth sent from Germany, and had prison tailors make them neat, new uniforms.

When they went through the German kitchen, Ruth's father whispered to the mess-sergeant.

“Ja! Ja!” was the whispered reply. He tiptoed to a cupboard, opened it quietly, and handed the girls each a big piece of coffee cake with brown sugar on top. He put a finger to his lips, said “Sh-h-h” and winked one eye with a funny smile. They accepted the present with thanks, and followed the soldiers.

The Captain led the way through a shop where some of the prison tailors were making and repairing clothes. German carpenters were building shelves to put over the men's bunks, and boxes to pack their things in when they should be sent home. Other Germans were making vases out of empty brass cannon-shells. They hammered beautiful designs on them.

Since the Armistice, these German prisoners could send letters home and receive letters and packages from their friends. Most of them seemed to be contented, and almost happy, for they were well treated, and did not have to work hard.

## MORE ADVENTURES



*The castle at Vaucouleurs*

### *Chapter 16*

THE GERMAN prisoners lived comfortably in wooden barracks, surrounded by a high barbed-wire fence, at the sides of which guards marched night and day, with shouldered rifles. Besides

their living quarters, these prisoners had their orderly-room (office), a little store, mess hall, kitchen, shops, and a theatre that they built for themselves, with stage, drop-curtains, and scenery. In their stockade (or big yard) they had set up a trapeze, hanging rings, horizontal bar, parallel bars, and a basket ball court. The American guards were camped outside of the stockade.

There were four hundred German prisoners within the guarded part of the camp, a guard company of eighty-five men, three medical men—Private Kenworthy, Bob, and the ambulance driver—and three officers. Some of the prisoners were out, under guard, repairing roads. Margot saw ten of the prisoners, each man with a towel on his left arm; they were marching in single file with the curious “goose-step” of the German army. A guard with shouldered rifle marched at each end of the file. Ruth’s father told the girls that the men were going to the river to bathe.

“They do not look like bad men, do they, M’sieur Kenworthy?” Margot commented as they passed.

“They are *not* bad men, Margot,” he replied. “But let us walk about Void a bit. Come on, Ruth dear.”



They walked past the house where Captain Brown lived. It looked big and gloomy and barn-like, for there were few windows on the two sides that faced the streets. There was a big garden, however, enclosed by a high stone wall. Ruth's father had permission to visit the garden whenever he wished, and he often came here to read and to write letters.

There was a small rustic summer house in one corner, a fountain, trees, flowers, and grass. A brook ran through it, just inside the back wall. Seats and small tables were scattered about in shady spots. The sides of the house that faced in the garden had plenty of large windows and balconies, too. Altogether, the garden was a lovely place to sit. Many of these beautiful gardens are hidden behind high stone walls in France, for the people like these quiet places.

But Margot and Ruth had no time for the garden now. Near the post office and telegraph office, which are in the same building in Void—both being owned by the Government—is the Place Cugnot. This is a large, bare square, surrounded by a low stone wall, with gates on each side, and two or three rows of trees planted closely together.



In the centre, and up three round steps, is a pretty fountain. In the middle of it stands a stone statue of an ancient Greek woman with a water jar on her right shoulder, and another held at her left hip. This is where the women of Void gather each morning and evening with their pitchers, to get the family water supply and to talk with their neighbors. And in this square the children love to play.

Not far from the fountain is a great monument with a bronze statue of Monsieur Cugnot, one of the pioneers in the manufacture of automobiles; though the automobile shown on the bronze plaque does not look like an automobile at all. It ran by steam, and would look very odd indeed today.

A pretty canal winds through Void. The rivers and canals of France are used much more than those in the United States. Whenever possible, lumber, coal, grain, and other bulky materials are moved by water instead of by rail. Sometimes ten or more big barges are loaded, tied together, and towed by little steam tugs.

Sometimes the barges go through separately, or two or three together, towed by horses hitched

tandem and walking along a narrow path at the side of the canal. Each barge has a family living aboard—a man to take care of the boat, his wife, the children, and always a dog. These people live very comfortably, always traveling about, all over France, and sometimes up into Belgium and Holland.

One such boat was tied up here at the bank. The children and dogs were swimming in the canal. The boatman's wife was washing clothes at the edge of the water; and the man was loafing over the rail, whittling, and letting the shavings fall overboard.

“Will you ask the man if we may come aboard and see his boat, Margot?” her soldier friend suggested.

Margot did so, and the man seemed pleased that they took so much interest in his boat. He led them down into the cabin. An oil stove stood in the little kitchen, and along the wall were glistening pans. In the comfortable living room was a wood-burning stove and a small folding table with a couple of books and newspapers. The bunks folded against the wall; everything could be folded—bunks, tables, and chairs. The two small



Helene Carter

*Each barge has a family living aboard*



windows were hung with neat white curtains, and in front of each hung a caged canary.

Lanterns were suspended from hooks in the ceiling. All of the walls, floors, and furniture appeared freshly painted, and the metal work shone brightly. The man invited his visitors to sail a little distance with them the next day; he suggested that they could go just a few miles, and walk back or maybe catch a ride. Ruth's father thanked him and said that they might do so.

Margot and Ruth ate a hasty lunch in a café, and returned to camp just in time to get an ambulance ride to Vaucouleurs. The driver had business in that town, but was in no great hurry. So just before they arrived in Vaucouleurs, Private Kenworthy asked him to stop and park the car. He then led the way across a field, and down a hill, to the ruins of a large old castle of gray stone.

“Well, girls,” he asked, “do you know where you are now?”

“No,” Margot replied frankly. “Do *you*?”

“I think I do. Do you remember I told you that Joan of Arc begged her uncle to take her to Vaucouleurs to see the Governor?”

“Oh, yes!” exclaimed Margot, excitedly.



“This he continued, “is supposed to be the old castle of that Governor of Vaucouleurs. I mean the man who gave Joan her first suit of armor and her sword. And it was the people of Vaucouleurs, you remember, who bought her the beautiful, big horse.”

“How wonderful to be here!” Ruth exclaimed.  
“Just think——!”

“Yes—and how wonderful it would be,” her father went on, “if we could start from here and follow the Maid’s course, all the way, through Rheims, to Rouen! What interesting sights we’d see!”

That evening, after they had returned to Void, the girls had an early meal in a restaurant near camp, for they were to go inside the stockade that night—a pass had been obtained for them. As they walked through the wide gate, it was growing dusk, and the lights were already lit. The four entered the German theatre. The mess-sergeant saw Margot, and said something to her smilingly in German. Margot did not understand, but Bob told her that the German wanted to know if the coffee cake was good. Then Margot recognized him, and thanked him in English.



“Ach, ja, ja!” the prisoner replied, as he led them to seats near the stage.

They were early, but the men had thought the girls would like to see the theatre before the lights went out for the performance. There were a few American soldiers there; not to guard, but just to see the acting and listen to the music. A sixteen-piece orchestra came out from under the stage, and prepared to play. Most of their instruments had been sent from Germany since the Armistice. The conductor had led a big orchestra in Germany before the War. The entire group were good musicians. Their opening piece was *The Beautiful Blue Danube*.

Then the curtain went up. All the talking and singing, of course, was in German. Bob was able to tell his friends most of what was said, but he did not have time to translate it all. Some of the acting was good, and some very funny. A few of the men had to be dressed as women; these wore wigs,—and did very well. A “strong man” tore big *sou* pieces in two—copper pieces of French money about the size of a half dollar. Then he took a new tennis ball and broke it, as a boy does an apple. All this the girls enjoyed very much,

but they could not stay for the whole show, since they could not understand the talking, and it was their bed time, anyway.

The next morning after breakfast, Private Kenworthy asked the girls if they wanted to make the trip on the canal barge, as the boatman had suggested.

“Oh, yes,” was the reply, “let’s do; it will be such fun!”

So the three hurried down to the canal, leaving Bob on duty. Sure enough, the boat was still there. The woman was washing the breakfast dishes, and the man was just helping the tow-boy hitch the horse to the rope. The girls stepped onto the boat, and stood in the bow where they could see everything along the route. The men helped pull on the line until the barge was fairly started; then they jumped aboard. Now the big scow slid through the water easily.

An awning was stretched above the little cabin, and camp-stools were placed under it. The woman worked at her knitting; her two little girls brought their dolls to show Margot and Ruth. The men tried to talk, but did not understand each other much. Two dogs ran back and forth on the

deck, barking at everybody and everything they saw along the shore. When nothing else appeared, they barked at the horse. But they were wagging their little stubby tails all of the time, so nobody cared much how loudly they barked.

On both sides of the canal men and women were working in the fields. Sometimes two or three horses were hitched to a plow or harrow, tandem fashion—that is, one in front of the other. Sometimes a horse and a cow were hitched side by side. It did not matter, so long as the work was done. The drivers kept shouting “*Allez, allez!*”—which meant “Get up!”—but the teams never went any faster!

After the boat had gone about three miles out of town, Private Kenworthy judged that he and the girls had gone far enough. The barge was stopped, and a plank was laid to the bank for them to go ashore on. He helped start the boat again and everybody shouted and waved good-bye. Then they walked back to Void, for a canal boat goes very slowly.

The next day Private Kenworthy had to go to two other towns—Toul and Nancy—for medical supplies. He obtained permission to have the

driver go around by Bourmont to take the girls home. It was a long, long drive.

Toul is a very old walled city. Parts of the high, thick wall are still standing, and parts of the old moat, or ditch around it, still exist. The three friends were sorry they could not stop and explore for the city looked interesting. The town of Nancy is beautiful, with many parks and fountains, but they were all in too great a hurry to stop.

They arrived in Bourmont just in time to have an evening meal with Madame Pucelle. The driver and Private Kenworthy returned to Void the next day. Both girls were full of thanks to Ruth's father for having given them the opportunity to see the prisoners' camp.

## THE LAST DAYS OF RUTH'S VISIT



*Farewell to France*

### *Chapter 17*

**R**UTH KENWORTHY'S visit to France was almost over, and already the two girls were feeling a little unhappy at the prospect of parting. Still, they were to have one more adventure before

that—they had Private Kenworthy's promise to show them a much larger prison camp.

During this summer of 1919—so Ruth's father explained to the girls—the United States Government had decided to gather the prisoners-of-war into larger groups; and the camp at Is-sur-Tille, just a little north of Dijon in the Department of Côte d'Or, was chosen as one of the big gathering places, or concentration points.

Before the War, Is-sur-Tille had been only a little village; but during the War it had one of the biggest camps in the American Service of Supplies. There were many thousands of American soldiers in France who were never near the fighting, for, of course, somebody must run the army railway trains to haul supplies; others must handle these supplies; others must bake bread, and do other necessary work.

Is-sur-Tille was the largest American railway center in France all during the War. There were miles and miles and miles of tracks, with switch engines tooting and shunting cars about all day and night. Troop trains were going north; hospital trains were going south and west; whole trains of heavy coast-guard cannon going to the

front; ammunition was being carried, and food, food, food.

Such was the history of Is-sur-Tille before the Armistice. After the Armistice, there were still hundreds of thousands of American soldiers in France who must be fed and clothed. Thousands of soldiers were traveling to and from the vacational districts of Paris and places in southern France. Most of these men passed through Is-sur-Tille; many of them stayed over night, and had to be housed and fed. There were acres and acres and acres of great storage sheds, full of ammunition, clothing, food, and other supplies that must be guarded. There were more acres of barracks for the officers and soldiers who did all this work.

But by the middle of the summer of 1919 only a few thousand Americans were left in France, and the camp at Is-sur-Tille looked comparatively deserted. Then suddenly the place took on new life; double barbed-wire fences were stretched around groups of barracks, and trains from every direction hauled in ten thousand German prisoners and about two thousand guards. The Germans began to build new athletic fields and new theatres. Here and there one could see the uniforms of French,

Belgian, and Polish officers about camp; men who had been sent by their governments to purchase the American railway engines, cars, automobiles, and other supplies. Altogether, the camp seemed now to be almost as important as before.

To this camp at Is-sur-Tille, Private Kenworthy had lately been transferred. Since going there he had had no time to visit his daughter and friends at Bourmont and the girls were missing him a great deal. Finally Madame Pucelle said she would take them to visit in Is-sur-Tille for a few days. Ruth wrote her father where to find them.

The day that they were to arrive, he was delayed in leaving for town. When he arrived, he found two very happy girls awaiting him there. Madame Pucelle had not cared to go to the camp, and Ruth and Margot felt sure he had mistaken the date. Now the girls were ready for anything.

“Well,” said he, “there isn’t much in this place that will interest you, I am afraid. However, we’ll walk around. Do you see those big buildings with the high smoke stacks, Margot?”

“Yes.”

“That’s our bakery,” he told her. “It’s probably the biggest in the world. They can make a million

pounds of bread in a day there. Almost all the bread that the American soldiers have eaten over here has been made in this bakery."

Margot and Ruth walked about camp, looking at the stockades and warehouses. They stopped in the stockade in which their German friends were living. Private Kenworthy borrowed a little round cap and a long-stemmed German pipe, which he held in his hand; then Bob Isben took his picture with the girls beside him, and a lot of German prisoners standing behind them. Ruth and Margot were much excited by having their pictures taken that way.

Now Ruth's father led them over to the hospital grounds, where they sat on a high bench to watch some of the American men playing tennis. Just then a French girl about eighteen years old came along, borrowed a racquet, and beat them all. The men said she was the best tennis player they had ever seen. Then the three friends walked back to town, where the girls had supper with him in a little restaurant.

When they came back into camp, they stopped in the "Y Club," one of the welfare clubs run for the soldiers by the Y. M. C. A. A cheerful log fire



was crackling in the big stone fireplace. In a semicircle in front of the fire sat a dozen of the men, squatting tailor-fashion on the floor. In the middle of the group sat two "Y" girls, toasting marshmallows on long-handled forks, and passing them to the soldiers in turn. Two other men were serving hot chocolate from the little kitchen.

The "Y" girls saw Private Kenworthy and called to him to bring his friends and join the group. Everyone made the children welcome, and fed them marshmallows and chocolate until they said they had enough. Later, there was to be a Charlie Chaplin picture at the other Y. M. C. A. hut, and Margot and Ruth left in time to see this.

Madame Pucelle and the girls stayed two or three days more in Is-sur-Tille. Ruth's father had not much work now, and spent most of the time with the girls. He did not expect to be in France much longer, and Margot wanted to be with him as much as possible.

\* \* \* \*

The next time Ruth and Margot saw Private Kenworthy he was at Brest, a big fortified seaport on the west coast of France. He had sent Madame Pucelle a telegram on the day when his company

started toward the coast. Madame Pucelle got the two girls ready, and the three caught a train that very day. Ruth was to return to the United States on the ship with her father.

When Margot and her mother arrived in Brest, with Ruth, they left their bags at a hotel, called a cab, and directed the driver to take them to the American camp. This camp was on the top of a hill, outside of town, but the little taxicab finally chugged to the top. Then began a long search for Private Kenworthy.

In the winter and spring, Brest is one of the muddiest places in France. But now the mud had become hard and cracked. All through the camp were ditches on both sides of the streets, and for sidewalks the camp had ladder-like strips of boards that looked like picket fences laid flat on the ground. They were called "duck-boards," and were put down to keep the men from sinking into the mud during the wet season.

It was Margot who first caught sight of Ruth's father and called to him. He came running to the cab. Madame Pucelle asked him to come to their hotel for lunch and dinner. How glad Ruth was to see her father again!



And as they returned to their hotel, they looked eagerly at the sights along the way. Brest is a busy seaport of about seventy-five thousand people. The chief industries are shipping and shipbuilding. There are also big gun foundries and workshops. France has naval schools at Brest, and there are usually several training ships in the harbor, on which French boys learn to be sailors. The most interesting building in Brest is an old seven-towered castle, part of which is supposed to have been built in the twelfth century.

That evening was the last on which the friends would be together, so they decided to celebrate the occasion by having a very special farewell dinner party. Although Margot and Ruth chatted and laughed almost continually, they were both feeling sad underneath at the parting that must come the next day.

There was, however, much to talk about. Margot recalled many of their happy experiences together, living each one over again, and laughing with tears in her eyes at some of the funny things they had seen. She mentioned the comical flop-eared donkeys, and reminded Ruth of how the soldier had fallen from the back of one of them.

Ruth spoke of their pleasant boat trips, their long hikes on the Mediterranean coast, the beautiful gardens and parks of Paris, and the wonderful art galleries there.

"Oh, I love France!" she exclaimed. "But I know you would love America, Margot. How I wish you could visit our country! Daddy, do tell them some of the things they would see over there."

So he described some American wonders—Yellowstone National Park, Niagara Falls, Yosemite, and the wonderful desert region of the great Southwest—and ended by turning to Madame Pucelle. "I do hope," he said, "that some day you and Margot will be able to come over to our country, Madame. There would be a warm welcome for you at our home, as you know."

She shook her head doubtfully. "Not for a long time, I fear, Monsieur Kenworthy. We French will be poor for many years now—too poor to think much about traveling. Still, one may always hope, of course."

Ruth's father was on hand bright and early the next morning, for there was much to do before their ship would sail at noon. They all went down to the harbor together. He put Ruth in the charge

of an army officer's wife, who promised to make the girl comfortable in her cabin stateroom. After making sure Ruth was well taken care of, he left hurriedly, for he must find his company and go aboard with them.

Finally, all the soldiers had marched aboard the big vessel. There was a great blowing of whistles and pulling ashore of gang planks. The huge ropes were cast off, then with much puffing and snorting two little tug-boats nosed the great ship *America* out of the harbor, guiding her carefully between the numerous battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats, submarines, and other transports—into the open sea at last!

Margot and her mother stood on the dock waving handkerchiefs as long as they could see their departing friends. Then they stood quietly watching the ship while the four big smoke-stacks slowly dropped below the horizon in the distance.

Margot wiped a tear from the corner of each eye and looked up at her mother with an effort to smile.

“Mother,” she said, slowly, “I never knew what real friendship means—not until I met M’sieur Kenworthy and Ruth. Do you know, I used to think foreigners were different from us. I never thought

of them as being the same as we are. And now—well, I know now that oceans or great distances make no difference. Isn't it wonderful to realize that Ruth will be thinking of me, although she is thousands of miles away? And always I shall be thinking of her—waiting for the day when perhaps you and I may be able to visit her in America."

Madame Pucelle put an arm around Margot's shoulders. "I am glad to hear you say that, dear," she approved. "Friendship does come from understanding one another. Race or country should be no barrier. And some day—when greater understanding comes—the whole world will be friends and neighbors."

THE END

ENGLISH  
CHANNEL

Brest

ATLANTIC  
OCEAN

Bay of  
Biscay



Chambord



La Hauve

River Seine



Tours

Chiron

F

R



GERMANY

one  
was  
prisoned



Compiègne

where Joan  
was captured

Rheims

where Charles  
was crowned  
King

St. Denis

Lagny

River Marne

River Aube

River Seine

Troves

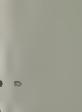
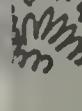
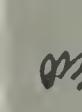
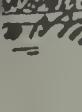
Orléans

Gien

Auxerre



St. Pierre  
le Moutier



Class PZ 9

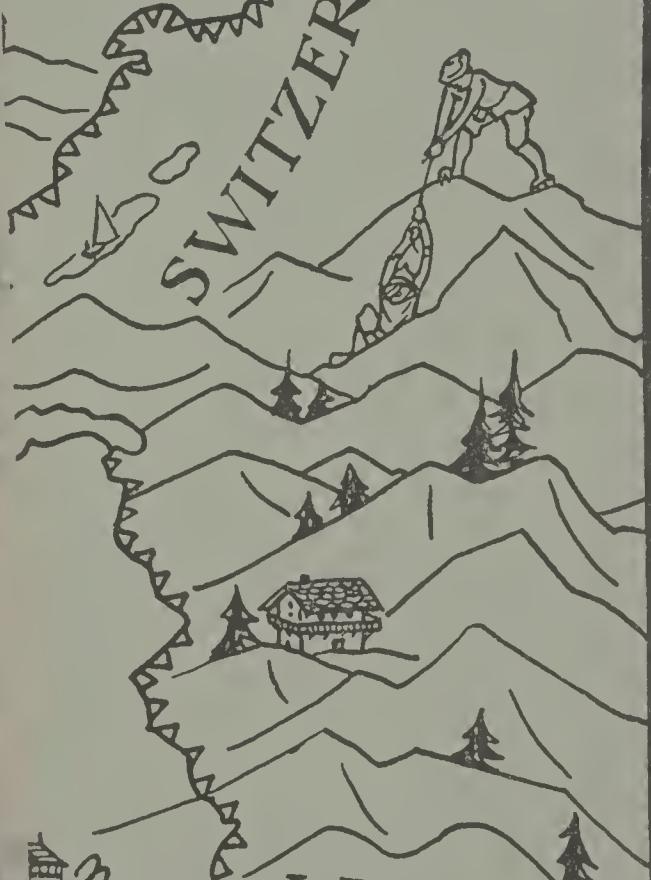
Book K 241

Copyright No. RL

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT

*copy 2*

SWITZERLAND



ITALY



A

N

NOV 29 1934



R

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020887680